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The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the third:

containing,

A Midſummer Night's Dream;
The Merchant of Venice;
As you like it;
The Taming of the Shrew.

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A
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM.

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Perſons repreſented.

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *belov'd of* Helena.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to* Theſeus.

Quince, *the Carpenter*;	*Clowns: Performers too in the Interlude; presenting in it,* —	*the Prologue*:
Bottom, *the Weaver*;		Pyramus, *and*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender*;		Thisbe;
Snout, *the Tinker*;		*Wall,*
Snug, *the Joiner*; *and*		*Lion, and*
Starveling, *the Tailor*;		*Moon-ſhine.*

Hippolita, *Queen of the* Amazons.
Hermia.
Helena.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies*:
Titania, *his Queen.*
Puck, *or*, Robin Good-fellow.
Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, Moth,
Muſtard-ſeed, *and three other*
Fairies, attending the Queen.

Other Fairies, attending the King and Queen.
Attendants upon Theſeus *and* Hippolita.

Scene, Athens; *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens.

A State-Room in Theſeus'*s Palace.*
Enter THESEUS, *and* HIPPOLITA; Philoſtrate,
and Others, attending.

THE. Now, fair *Hippolita,* our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, o, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my desires,
Like to a ſtep dame, or a dowager,
Long withering-out a young man's révenue.
HIP. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
THE. Go, *Philoſtrate,*
Stir up the *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. — [*Exit* Phi.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, *and his Daughter* HERMIA;
LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned duke!
THE. Thanks, good *Egeus:* What's the news with thee?
EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.—
Stand forth, *Demetrius*;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, *Lyſander*;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:—
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtoln the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of *Athens*;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this † gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be adviſ'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander.*
The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia,* queſtion your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier is the roſe diſtill'd,

32 earthlyer happy

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*;—And, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him:
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*:
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, *Demetrius*, come,
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my *Hippolita*; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething, nearly that concerns yourſelves.
Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt* The. Hip. Ege. Dem. *and Train.*
Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth.
But either it was different in blood;
Her. O croſs! too high to be enthral'd to low!
Lys. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;
Her. O ſpite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:

29 to love.

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold,
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
Lys. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From *Athens* is her houſe remote ſeven leagues;
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander!*
I ſwear to thee, by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;

By the ſimplicity of *Venus'* doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more then ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes *Helena.*

Enter HELENA.

Her. God ſpeed, fair *Helena!* Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars; and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hauthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo!
Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill. [ſkill!

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine. [mine!

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would, that fault were

18 Your words I catch

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?
Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gates have we deviſ'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſweet;
There my *Lyſander* and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from *Athens*, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*—
Keep word, *Lyſander:* we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HERMIA.
Lys. I will, my *Hermia.*—*Helena*, adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you!
[*Exit* LYSANDER.
Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

15 ſwel'd: 18 companions,

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Because in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys in game themſelves forſwear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyen,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
Lo, he dissolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,—
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in* Quince'*s Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, BOTTOM,
SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Qui. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qui. Here † is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the duke and the dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats

---

14 So he

on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow to a point.

Qui. Marry, our play is—The moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry.—Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl:—Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Qui. Anſwer, as I call you.—*Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qui. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus.*

Bot. What is *Pyramus?* a lover, or a tyrant?

Qui. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallant for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome measure. To the reſt;—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in:

——To make all ſplit
The raging rocks;
And ſhivering ſhocks
Shall break the locks
Of priſon gates;
And *Phibbus'* car
Shall ſhine from far,
And make and mar
The fooliſh fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Qui. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qui. *Flute*, you muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby?* a wand'ring knight?

Qui. It is the lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay, 'faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Qui. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—Thisne, Thisne! —*Ah,* Pyramus, *my lover dear; thy* Thisby *dear, and lady dear.*

Qui. No, no; you muſt play *Pyramus,* and, *Flute,* you *Thisby.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qui. *Robin Starveling,* the tailor.

Sta. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qui. *Robin Starveling,* you muſt play *Thisby*'s mother.—*Tom Snout,* the tinker.

Sno. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qui. You, *Pyramus*' father; myſelf, *Thisby*'s father;—*Snug,* the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snu. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Qui. You may do it *extempore,* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Qui. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs, and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

Clo. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar an 'twere any nightingale.

Qui. You can play no part but *Pyramus:* for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus.*

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Qui. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French*-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Qui. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, maſters, here † are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe moſt obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Qui. At the duke's oak we meet:

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near* Athens.

Enter, from oppoſite Sides, a Fairy, *and* PUCK, *or,* Robin Good-fellow.

Puc. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be;
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here and there,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puc. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed the queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Because that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtoln from an *Indian* king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling:
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:

But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangl'd ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin Good-fellow:* Are not you he,
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huswife churn;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that *Hob-goblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puc. Thou ſpeakeſt me aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails, or cries, and falls into a coffe;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear

A merrier hour was never waſted there.—
But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And here my miſtreſs:'Would, that he were gone!
Enter the King *of Fairies,*
from one Side, with his Train; and the Queen,
from the other, with hers.
Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.
Tit. What, jealous *Oberon?*—Fairy, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Tit. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtoln away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſtep of *India?*
But that, forſooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Obe. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita*,
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigenia*, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with fair *Egle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa?*
Tit. These are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,

26 Eagles 29 ſince the middle 32 Or in

To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine-men's morrice is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt.
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimson roſe;
And on old *Hyems*' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their encreaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

[27] childing

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.
Tit. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced *Indian* air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-belly'd, with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, do I rear up her boy;
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?
Tit. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus*' wedding-day,
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Queen, *and her Train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.
Puc. I remember.
Obe. That very time, I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;
And looſ'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſt beams of the watry moon;
And the imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids lay'd,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.
Puc. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit* Puck.
Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On medling monkey, or on buſy ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtoln unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,

14 ſtay — ſtayeth

(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my priviledge: For that
It is not night, when I do ſee your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chace;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius!*
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
[DEMETRIUS *breaks from her, and Exit.*
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exit.*
OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—
Re-enter PUCK.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
PUC. Ay, there † it is.
OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this † I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ‡ ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.
PUC. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

14 Quite over-canopi'd

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *and* Fairies.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt. *SONG.*

Firſt Fairy.

You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,
thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
come not near our fairy queen:

Cho.

Philomel, *with melody,*
ſing in our ſweet lullaby;
lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
come our lovely lady nigh;
ſo, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
beetles black, approach not near;
worm, nor ſnail, do no offence:

Cho.

Philomel, *with melody*, &c.

1. *F.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand centinel. [*Exeunt.* Tit. *ſleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou ſee'ſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*to* Tit. *ſqueezing the Flower upon her Eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtl'd hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER, *and* HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia,* if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
HER. Be it ſo, *Lyſander:* find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
LYS. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
HER. Nay, good *Lyſander*; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.
LYS. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can we make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, *Hermia,* I do not lie.
HER. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd.

But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lye further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeperation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, 'till thy ſweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd!
[*they ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puc. Through the foreſt have I gone;
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul, ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this kill-courteſy.
Churl, upon thy eyes † I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to *Oberon.* [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius, *and* Helena, *running.*

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius.*

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24 Neere this lack-love, this

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* Demetrius.
Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though *Demetrius*
Do, as a monſter, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyen?—
But who is here? *Lyſander!* on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*waking, and ſtarting up.*
Tranſparent *Helena!* Nature ſhews art,
That through thy bosom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* o, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your *Hermia?* Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with *Hermia?* No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason ſway'd:
And reason ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeason:
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human ſkill,
Reason becomes the marſhal to my will;
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'er-look
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a ſweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But, fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She ſees not *Hermia*:—*Hermia*, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of those they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt, of me:
And, all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, *Lyſander*, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!

Ah me, for pity! what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? *Lyſander!* lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak of all loves. I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Queen *of Fairies aſleep. Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUI. Pat, pat; and here's a marvels convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. *Peter Quince*,—

QUI. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

BOT. There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

SNO. By'r-lakin, a par'lous fear.

STA. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Qui. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Sno. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Sta. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to't.

Sno. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or, fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is *Snug* the joiner.

Qui. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moonlight.

Snu. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Qui. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Qui. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snu. You can never bring in a wall.—What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome roughcaſt, about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus †, and through that cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Qui. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts.—*Pyramus*, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck.

Puc. " What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,"
" So near the cradle of the fairy queen?"
" What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;"
" An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe."

Qui. Speak, *Pyramus:*—*Thisby*, ſtand forth.

* *Pyr.* *Thisby*, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet,—

Qui. Odours, odours.

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31 flowers

* *Pyr.* ——— odours ſavours ſweet:
*   So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* dear.
* But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit,
*   And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puc. "A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er play'd here." [*Exit.*

Flu. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Qui. Ay, marry, muſt you: for, you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

* *Thi.* Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
*   Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
* Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
*   As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
* I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Qui. *Ninus*' tomb, man? why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Pyramus*: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all.—*Pyramus*, enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

* *Thi.* O, As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, *and* Bottom *with an aſs' Head.*

* *Pyr.* If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine:—

Qui. O monſtrous! o ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help! [*Exeunt all the* Clowns.

Puc. "I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,"
"Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier:"
"Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,"
"A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;"
"And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,"
"Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn." [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

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[2] So hath thy [3] a while,

Sno. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee? [*Exit*.

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Qui. Bleſs thee, *Bottom!* bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit*.

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*ſings*.

The ouzel cock, ſo black of hue,
with orange-tawny bill,
the throſtle with his note ſo true,
the wren with little quill;

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. *the finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
the plain-ſong cuckoo gray,
whose note full many a man doth mark,
and dares not anſwer, nay;—

—for, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo?

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occaſion.

Tit. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, and *Muſtard-ſeed!*

Enter four Fairies.

1. *F.* Ready. 2. And I. 3. and I. 4. and I.

all. Where ſhall we go?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butter-flies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1. *F.* Hail, mortal! 2. hail! 3. hail! 4. hail!

3^2 v. *Note.*

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name?

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I ſhall desire you of more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb:* If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Pea. *Peaſe-bloſſom.*

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod*, your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſom*, I ſhall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Mus. *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard-ſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tye up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

23 lovers

Puc. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild-geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murther cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet lech'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

31 lacht

Puc. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* HERMIA.

Obe. "Stand cloſe; this is the ſame *Athenian.*"
Puc. "This is the woman, but not this the man."
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtoln away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noontide with the antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murther'd him;
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murtherer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcaſs to my hounds
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpriz'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priviledge, never to ſee me more.
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:—
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*lies down.*
Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And lay'd the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puc. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer
With ſighs of love, that coſts the freſh blood dear:
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

18 ſlippe doth

Puc. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink † in apple of his eye:
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioully
As the *Venus* of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puc. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aſide: the noise, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puc. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And those things do beſt please me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lysander, *and* Helena.

Lys. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, o deviliſh-holy fray!

These vows are *Hermia*'s; Will you give her o'er?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
 Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I ſwore.
 Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
 Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.
 Dem. O *Helen*, [*ſtarting up.*] goddeſs, nymph, perfect, [divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyen?
Chriſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, those kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus*' ſnow,
Fan'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow.
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: o, let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs!
 Hel. O ſpite! o hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not use a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraise my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals. and love *Hermia*;
And now, both rivals, to mock *Helena*:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision· none, of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo;
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. *Helen*, it is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lys. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Lys. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night
Than all yon' fiery o's, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think, it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpite of me.—
Injurious *Hermia!* moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—o, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-day friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, and ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems, that you ſcorn me.

HEL. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?

---

[8] ſiſters [11] ſchooldaies [22] firſt life coats

And made your other love, *Demetrius,*
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with loves, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.
  Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
  Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carry'd, ſhall be chronicl'd.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.
  Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena!*
  Hel. O excellent!
  Her. Sweet, [*to* Lyſ.] do not ſcorn her ſo.
  Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
  Lys. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prays.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.
  Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

---

10 love, 28 weake praiſe.

Lys. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. *Lyſander,* whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you *Ethiop!*
Dem. No, no; he'll not come.—
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet, come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur: vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar,* out!
Out, loathed med'cine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.
Lys. *Demetrius,* I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word;
Lys. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* Are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena.*

13 ô hated 30 of doubt

HER. O me!—You jugler, you! you canker-bloſſom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtoln my love's heart from him?
HEL. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
HER. Puppet! why ſo?—Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
HER. Lower! hark, again.
HEL. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.
HER. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?
HEL. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.
HER. What, with *Lyſander?*
HEL. With *Demetrius.*
LYS. Be not afraid; ſhe ſhall not harm thee, *Helena.*
DEM. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
HEL. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
HER. Little again? nothing but low, and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You *minimus*, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;
You bead, you acorn.
DEM. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of *Helena*;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
LYS. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena.*
DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt* LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries wilfully.
Puc. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it ſo did ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Obe. Thou ſee'ſt, these lovers ſeek a place to fight:
Hye therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander* ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this † herb into *Lyſander*'s eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.

When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend,
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puc. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.
Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even 'till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit.*
Puc. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field, and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.
Puc. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puc. Follow me then [*ſeems to go off.*
To plainer ground. [*Exit* Lys. *as following the Voice, which*
Enter Demetrius.
Dem. *Lyſander!* ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puc. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puc. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt* Puck, *and* Demetrius.
Re-enter Lysander.
Lys. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. [*lies down*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight. [*ſleeps.*
Re-enter Puck, *and* Demetrius.
Puc. Ho, ho; ho, ho! coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou run'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.

[10] Speake in

Where art thou now?
Puc. Come hither; I am here. [dear,
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way.—Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed. [*lies down.*
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*ſleeps.*

Enter HELENA, *and throws herſelf down.*

Hel. O weary night, o long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to *Athens*, by day-light,
From these that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*ſleeps.*
Puc. Yet but three? come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbl'd with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, [*lies down*] 'till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*ſleeps.*
Puc. On the ground
[*to* Lyſander, *whoſe Eyes he anoints.*
Sleep thou ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

When thou wak'ſt
Next, thou tak'ſt
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have *Jill*;
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.
[*Exit. Scene cloſes upon the Sleepers.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

The Lovers, at a Diſtance, aſleep.
Enter Queen *of Fairies, and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending*; OBERON, *behind, unſeen.*

TIT. Come, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed, [*ſeating him on a Bank.*
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſom?*

PEA. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſom.*—Where's mounſieur *Cobweb?*

COB. Ready.

BOT. Mounſieur *Cobweb*; good mounſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humblebee, on the top of a thiſtle; and, good mounſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, mounſieur: and, good mounſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.— Where's mounſieur *Muſtard-ſeed?*

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neafe, mounſieur *Muſtard-ſeed.* Pray you, leave your courteſy, good mounſieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounſieur, but to help cavalero *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, mounſieur; for, methinks, I am marvels hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear ſome musick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: Let us have the tongs, and the bones.

Tit. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a vent'rous fairy, that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dry'd pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an exposition of ſleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt* Fairies.
So doth the wood-bine, the ſweet honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt, the female ivy ſo
Enring, the barky fingers of the elm.

29 alwaies 32 Enrings

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*they ſleep.*
Oberon *advances. Enter* Puck.
Obe. Welcome, good *Robin.* See'ſt thou this ſweet ſight?
[*ſhewing the Queen, and* Bottom.
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, beg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this tranſformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*touching her Eyes with an Herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er *Cupid*'s flower

---

32 budde, or *Cupids*

Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my *Titania*; wake you, my ſweet queen.
Tit. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Obe. There † lies your love.
Tit. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath his viſage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—*Robin*, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Tit. Muſick, ho, muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep!
Puc. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, muſick. [*ſtill Muſick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke *Theſeus*' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair proſperity:
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.
Puc. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tit. Come, my lord; and, in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

10 theſe, fine the

Horns wind within.
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

THE. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd:
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with *Hercules*, and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar
With hounds of *Sparta:* never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapt like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly:*
Judge, when you hear. But, ſoft; [*ſeeing the Lovers.*] what
nymphs are theſe?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, *Lyſander*; this *Demetrius* is;
This, *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena:*

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8 v. *Note.* 14 the Beare,

I wonder at their being here together.
THE. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here, in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, *Egeus*; is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
EGE. It is, my lord. [horns.
THE. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their
Horns, and Shout, within:
DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA,
wake and ſtart up.
THE. Good-morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
LYS. Pardon, my lord. [*He, and the reſt, kneel to* Theſeus.
THE. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
LYS. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here.
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak;—
And, now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with *Hermia* hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of the *Athenian* law.
EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtoln away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;

[1] wonder of their

Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
DEM. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my love to *Hermia*,
Melted as doth the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue, of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena.* To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I did ſee *Hermia:*
But, like a ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we will hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to *Athens:* Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, my *Hippolita.* [*Exeunt* THE. HIP. EGE. *and Train.*
DEM. These things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
HER. Methinks, I ſee these things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found *Demetrius* like a gemel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. But are you ſure
That we are well awake? it ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita.*

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: Let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer: my next is, *Moſt fair* Pyramus.—Hey, ho!—*Peter Quince! Flute,* the bellows-mender! *Snout,* the tinker! *Starveling!* God's my life! ſtoln hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay, what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd, *Bottom*'s Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after death. [*Exit.*

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[2] a jewell [31] ſing it at her death

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in* Quince'*s Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

QUI. Have you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

STA. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is mar'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUI. It is not poſſible: you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

FLU. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in *Athens*.

QUI. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

FLU. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNU. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more marry'd: If our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLU. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* Thus hath he loſt ſixpence a day, during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſixpence a day: an the duke had not given him ſixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſixpence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUI. *Bottom!*—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour! [*All croud about him.*

BOT. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*.

I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Qui. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is prefer'd. In any caſe, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away, go, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

A State-Room in Theſeus's *Palace.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, that these lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,

Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt:*
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination:
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How easy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?
HIP. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds tranſfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
LYS. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed! [have,
THE. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*
PHI. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*
THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

23 waite in your

What maſk, what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?
Phi. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe;
[*preſenting a Paper.*
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.
The. The battle with the *Centaurs*, to be ſung
By an *Athenian* eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.
The riot of the tipſy *Bacchanals*,
Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt in beggary.
That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young *Pyramus*,
And his love *Thisbe*; very tragical mirth.
Merry, and tragical? Tedious, and brief?
That is, hot ice; and wondrous ſtrange black ſnow.—
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?
Phi. A play it is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

23 Play there is

The. What are they, that do play it?
Phi. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phi. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extreamly ſtretch'd, and con'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'er-charg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake:
And what poor willing duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,

Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHI. So please your grace, the prologue is addreſt.
THE. Let him approach. [*Trumpets.*

Pyramus, *and* Thisbe. *An Interlude.*

Enter Prologue.

* *PRO.* If we offend, it is with our good will.
* That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
* But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
* That is the true beginning of our end.
* Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
* We do not come, as minding to content you,
* Our true intent is. All for your delight,
* We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
* The actors are at hand: and, by their ſhow,
* You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

HIP. Indeed, he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

THE. His ſpeech was like a tangl'd chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb Show.*

* *PRO.* Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow:

* But wonder on, 'till truth make all things plain.
* This † man is *Pyramus*, if yoú would know;
* This † beauteous lady *Thisby* is, certáin.
* This man, † with lime and rough-caſt, doth present
* Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers ſunder:
* And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
* To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
* This man, † with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
* Presenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
* By moon-ſhine did these lovers think no ſcorn
* To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
* This grizly beaſt, † which by name lion hight,
* The truſty *Thisby*, coming firſt by night,
* Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
* And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
* Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
* Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth, and tall,
* And finds his truſty *Thisby*'s mantle ſlain:
* Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
* He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
* And *Thisby*, tarrying in mulberry ſhade,
* His dagger drew, and dy'd. For all the reſt,
* Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
* At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt* Prologue, THISBE, Lion, *and* Moon-ſhine.

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to ſpeak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

* *Wal.* In this ſame interlude, it doth befal,
* That I, one *Snout* by name, present a wall:
* And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
* That had in it a crany'd hole, or chink,

12 Lyon hight by name)

* Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
* Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
* This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
* That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
* And this the crany is †, right and ſiniſter,
* Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

THE. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

DEM. It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

THE. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: ſilence.

* *PYR.* O grim-look'd night, o night with hue ſo black,
*   O night, which ever art, when day is not;
* O night, o night, alack, alack, alack,
*   I fear my *Thisby*'s promiſe is forgot.—
* And thou, o wall, o ſweet, o lovely wall,
*   That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and mine,
* Thou wall, o wall, o ſweet and lovely wall,
*   Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyen.
[Wall *holds up his Fingers.*
* Thanks, courteous wall: *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
*   But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
* O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs,
*   Curſ'd be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

BOT. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisby*'s cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you: yonder ſhe comes.

Enter THISBE.

* *THI.* O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
*   For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me:

* My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
* Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
* *Pyr.* I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
* To ſpy an I can hear my *Thisby*'s face.
* *Thisby!*
* *Thi.* My love: thou art my love, I think.
* *Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace:
* And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
* *Thi.* And I like *Helen*, 'till the fates me kill.
* *Pyr.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
* *Thi.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
* *Pyr.* O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.
* *Thi.* I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
* *Pyr.* Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraitway?
* *Thi.* 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
* *Wal.* Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
* And, being done, thus wall away doth go.
[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to rear without warning.

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a man, and a lion.

Enter Lion, *and* Moon-ſhine.

* *Lio.* You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
* The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,

19 morall 22 to heare

* May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
*   When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
* Then know, that I one *Snug* the joiner am;
* No lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
* For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
* Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox.—It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

* *Moo.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

* *Moo.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent;
*   Myſelf the man i' the moon do ſeem to be:

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn; How is it elſe the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: 'Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Sta. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter THISBE.

* *Thi.* This is old *Ninny*'s tomb: Where is my love?

* *Lio.* Oh.— [*roars.* THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, *Thisbe.*

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

[Lion *ſhakes* Thisbe's *Mantle, and Exit.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lys. And ſo the lion vaniſh'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

* *Pyr.* Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
*   I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
* For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
*   I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisby*'s ſight.
*   But ſtay;—O ſpight!—
*   But mark;—Poor knight,
*   What dreadful dole is here?
*   Eyes, do you ſee?
*   How can it be?
*   O dainty duck! O dear!
*   Thy mantle good,
*   What, ſtain'd with blood?
*   Approach, ye furies fell!
*   O fates, come, come;
*   Cut thread and thrum;
*   Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell!

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

* *Pyr.* O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
* Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
* Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
* That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with [cheer.
* Come, tears, confound;
* Out, ſword, and wound
* The pap of *Pyramus:*
* Ay, that left pap,
* Where heart doth hop:—
* Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
* Now am I dead,
* Now am I fled;
* My ſoul is in the ſky:
* Tongue, loſe thy light!
* Moon, take thy flight!
* Now die, die, die, die, die.
[*dies. Exit* Moon ſhine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance moon-ſhine is gone, before *Thisbe* come backs and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light. Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus:* I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better.

Lys. She hath ſpyed him already, with those ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet.*

* *Thi.* Aſleep, my love?
* What, dead, my dove?
* O *Pyramus*, ariſe,
* Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
* Dead, dead? A tomb
* Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
* These lilly lips,
* This cherry noſe,
* These yellow cowſlip cheeks,
* Are gone, are gone:
* Lovers, make moan!
* His eyes were green as leeks.
* O ſiſters three,
* Come, come, to me,
* With hands as pale as milk;
* Lay them in gore,
* Since you have ſhore
* With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
* Tongue, not a word:—
* Come, truſty ſword;
* Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
* And farewel, friends:—
* Thus *Thisby* ends:
* Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*dies.*

The. Moon-ſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; [*ſtarting up.*] the wall is down

5 meanes

that parted their fathers. Will it please you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomaſk dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hang'd himſelf in *Thisbe*'s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But, come, your bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone.

[*Dance: and Exeunt Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Puck.

Puc. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,

²4 beholds

Every one lets forth his ſpright,
  In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
  By the triple *Hecate*'s team
From the presence of the ſun,
  Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King *and* Queen *of Fairies, with their Train.*

OBE. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
  By the dead and drowzy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſpright,
  Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
TIT. Firſt, rehearſe your ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG, and DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be. —
With this field dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace:
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Train.*

Puck, *advancing.*

If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck *a liar call.*
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin *ſhall reſtore amends.* [*Exit.*

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9 in ſafety reſt

The
MERCHANT
of
VENICE.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon,
Antonio, *a noble Merchant:*
Baſſanio, *his Friend:*
Gratiano,
Lorenzo, } *noble* Venetians; *and Friends*
Solanio, *and* } *to the Merchant, and* Baſſanio.
Salerino,
Shylock, *a* Jew *Merchant:*
Tubal, *another* Jew, *his Friend.*
Clown, Servant to Shylock:
an old Man, his Father.
Servants to Portia, *four.*
Servant to Antonio.
Servant to Baſſanio.

Portia, *a rich Heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her Woman.*
Jeſſica, Shylock'*s Daughter.*

Magnificoes of Venice; *Officers of the Court of Juſtice; and Attendants, (Men and Women) upon the Duke, Princes,* Portia, Baſſanio, &c.

Scene, Venice; *and* Belmont, *Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

The MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SOLANIO, *and* SALERINO.

ANT. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

SAL. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There where your argoſies, with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffiquers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOL. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and peers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Miſfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.
SAL. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, *Antonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.
ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
SAL. Why, then you are in love.
ANT. Fie, fie!

[12] docks

SAL. Not in love neither? Then let us ſay, you are ſad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Because you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SOL. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo:* Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SAL. I would have ſtay'd 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

SAL. Good morrow, my good lords.

BAS. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, [when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?

SAL. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALERINO, *and* SOLANIO.

LOR. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Antonio*,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.

BAS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, ſignior *Antonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvelouſly chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire, cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice,
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Antonio*,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whose visages
Do cream, and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpose to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am ſir* Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark:
O, my *Antonio*, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good *Lorenzo*:—Fare ye well a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of these ſame dumb wise men,

23 when I 24 dam

For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewel: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendable.

[*Exeunt* Gratiano, *and* Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bas. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bas. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have diſabl'd mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, *Antonio*,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,——
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,

My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bas. In my ſchool days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you please
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.
Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.
Bas. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; ſometime from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus' Portia*.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks

6 other forth, and 26 ſometimes

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Colchos'* ſtrond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present ſum: therefore, go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*.
Go presently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia'*s Houſe.*
Enter PORTIA, *and* NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miseries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

NER. They would be better, if well follow'd.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the faſhion to choose me a husband:— O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:— Is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in these three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neapolitan* prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afeard, my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, is there the county *Palatine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An you will not have me, choose:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be marry'd to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these; God defend me from these two!

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* lord, monſieur *le Bon?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the count *Palatine:* he is every man in no man: if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtraight a cap'ring; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: If he would deſpise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay then to *Fauconbridge,* the young baron of *England?*

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latin, French,* nor *Italian*; and you will come into the court, and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the *Engliſh.* He is a proper man's picture; But, alas, who can converſe with a dumb-ſhow? How odly he is ſuited? I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy,* his round hose in *France,* his bonnet in *Germany,* and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottiſh* lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman,* and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſeal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to choose, and choose the right caſket, you ſhould refuse to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's imposition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaſt as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of *Montferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*; as I think, ſo was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of *Morocco*; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a faint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me.—Come, *Neriſſa:*—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO, *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bas. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* ſhall become bound,—well.

Bas. May you ſtead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

SHY. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and *Antonio* bound.

BAS. Your anſwer to that.

SHY. *Antonio* is a good man.

BAS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me—that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*,—and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirats; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is notwithſtanding ſufficient;—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

BAS. Be aſſur'd, you may.

SHY. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and, that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with *Antonio?*

BAS. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto?*—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BAS. This is ſignior *Antonio.*

SHY. "How like a fawning publican he looks!"
"I hate him for he is a chriſtian:"
"But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,"

" He lends out money gratis, and brings down"
" The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*."
" If I can catch him once upon the hip,"
" I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."
" He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,"
" Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,"
" On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,"
" Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,"
" If I forgive him!"

BAS. *Shylock*, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But, ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

ANT. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend, nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom:—Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.—
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee,—But hear you;
Methoughts, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never uſe it.

SHY. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,—
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was

(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
ANT. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
SHY. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,—
That all the eanlings, which were ſtreak'd, and py'd,
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe wooly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd pil'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
ANT. This was a venture, ſir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes, and rams?
SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:—
But note me, ſignior.
ANT. Mark you this, *Baſſanio*,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!
SHY. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.

Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
ANT. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
SHY. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances:
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug;
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpet upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this, *Fair ſir, you ſpet on me wedneſday laſt*;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; *another time*
You call'd me—*dog*; *and for theſe courteſies*
I'll lend you thus much monies.
ANT. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpet on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face

22 on me on Wed—

Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.
Bas. Ay, this were kindneſs.
Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſſ'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i'faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the *Jew.*
Bas. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond.
Shy. O father *Abraham*, what the chriſtians are;
Whose own hard dealing teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,

As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond:
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
Look to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hye thee, gentle *Jew.*— [*Exit* Shylock.
The *Hebrew* will turn chriſtian, he grows kind.
Bas. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Prince of Morocco, *and Train, with* Portia; Neriſſa, *and Others, attending.*

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred:
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love I ſwear,

The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
  Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
  Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcymitar,—
That ſlew the ſophy, and a *Perſian* prince,
That won three fields of ſultan *Solyman*,—
I would o'er-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If *Hercules*, and *Lychas*, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page;
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
  Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,

9 his wit to   23 the Lady   27 his rage

Or ſwear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me bleſt, or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Launcelot Gobbo, *the Clown.*

Clo. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this *Jew* my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, *good* Launcelot, *or good* Gobbo, *or good* Launcelot Gobbo, *use your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* my conſcience ſays,—*no*; *take heed, honeſt* Launcelot; *take heed, honeſt* Gobbo, *or*, as aforeſaid, *honeſt* Launcelot Gobbo; *do not run, ſcorn running with thy heels:* Well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me pack; via, ſays the fiend; *away*, ſays the fiend, *for the heavens*; *rouse up a brave mind*, ſays the fiend, *and run:* well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wisely to me,—*my honeſt friend* Launcelot, *being an honeſt man's ſon*,—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon; for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays,—Launcelot, *bouge not*; *bouge*, ſays the fiend; *bouge not*, ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the *Jew*, I

19 v. *Note.*

ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew:* the fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *his Father, with a Baſket.*

Fat. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Clo. " O heavens, this is my true-begotten father!" " who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel-blind," " knows me not: I will try confuſions with him."

Fat. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Clo. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Fat. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Clo. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*—" Mark" " me now; now will I raiſe the waters:"—Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Fat. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Clo. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot*.

Fat. Your worſhip's friend, and *Launcelot*, ſir.

Clo. But, I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Fat. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your maſterſhip.

Clo. Ergo, maſter *Launcelot*, talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates, and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Fat. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Clo. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Fat. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

Clo. Do you not know me, father?

Fat. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Clo. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: give me your bleſſing: truth will come to light; murther cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Fat. Pray you ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Clo. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Fat. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Clo. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot*, the *Jew*'s man; and, I am ſure, *Margery*, your wife, is my mother.

Fat. Her name is *Margery*, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhip'd he be, what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my fil-horſe has on his tail.

Clo. It ſhould ſeem then, that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Fat. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Clo. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground: My maſter's a very *Jew*; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a *Jew*, if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with a* Servant, *and other Followers.*

BAS. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See these ╤ letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

[*to a Follower, who bows, and goes out.*

Clo. To him, father.

Fat. God bleſs your worſhip!

BAS. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou ought with me?

Fat. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,—

Clo. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich *Jew*'s man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify.

Fat. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve—

Clo. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my father ſhall ſpecify.

Fat. His maſter and he (ſaving your worſhip's reverence) are ſcarce cater-cousins:

Clo. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall fruitify unto you.

Fat. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,—

Clo. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bas. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Clo. Serve you, ſir.

Fat. That is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Bas. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Clo. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Bas. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon;
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery

More garded than his fellows; ſee it done.

Clo. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune,—Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* Clown, *and* Father.

Bas. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hye thee, go.

Ser. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Ser. Yonder, ſir, he walks. [*Exit* Servant.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*,—

Bas. *Gratiano!*

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. Nay, you muſt not deny me; I muſt go
With you to *Belmont*.

Bas. Why, then you muſt: But hear thee, *Gratiano*;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow

Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus † with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudy'd in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Bas. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bas. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo*, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Jessica, *and* Clown.

Jes. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for † thee.
And, *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee

Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this † letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Clo. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu; theſe fooliſh drops do ſomething drown my manly ſpirit; adieu!

JES. Farewel, good *Launcelot*.— [*Exit* Clown.
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SOLANIO, *and* SALERINO.

LOR. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SAL. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SOL. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us:—Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Clown, *with a Letter.*

Clo. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this †, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, i' faith.

Clo. By your leave, ſir.

Lor. Whither go'ſt thou?

Clo. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to-night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take ǂ this: tell gentle *Jeſſica,*
I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Clown.
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

Sol. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano,*
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt* Sal. *and* Sol.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jeſſica?*

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all: ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare miſfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew.*
Come, go with me; peruse this ǂ, as thou go'ſt:
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Before* Shylock'*s Door.*

Enter SHYLOCK, *and* Clown.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio:*—
What, *Jeſſica!*—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, *Jeſſica!*—
And ſleep, and ſnore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, *Jeſſica,* I ſay!

Clo. Why, *Jeſſica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica;*
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian.—*Jeſſica,* my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Clo. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach:

Shy. So do I his.

Clo. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there maſques?—Hear you me, *Jeſſica:*
Lock up my doors; And when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſquealing of the wry-neck'd fiſe,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſhut my houſe's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By *Jacob*'s ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Clo. I will go before, ſir —
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs'* eye. [*Exit* Clown.

SHY. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring, ha?

JES. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

SHY. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, ſhut doors after you:
Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

JES. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame.*

Enter GRATIANO, *and* SALERINO, *maſqu'd.*

GRA. This is the pent-houſe, under which *Lorenzo*
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus*' pidgeons fly,
To ſeal love's bonds new made; than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds; Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hug'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo, *maſqu'd.*

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*; more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew*:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, *above, in Boy's Cloaths.*

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo,* and thy love.
Jes. *Lorenzo,* certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo,* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou

Jes. Here, catch this † caſket, it is worth the pains. [art.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus tranſformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtay'd for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jes. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a gentle, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beſhrow me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.—

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA, *and* SALERINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior, *Antonio?*

ANT. Fie, fie, *Gratiano!* where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio presently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia'*s Houſe.*

Flouriſh. Enter Prince of Morocco, *with* PORTIA, *and both their Trains.*

POR. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

MOR. This firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chooseth me, ſhall gain what many men desire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, ſhall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
Who chooseth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.—
How ſhall I know if I do choose the right.

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee;
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooseth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, ſhall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves,—Pause there, *Morocco,*
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deserve,—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying 'grav'd in gold.
Who chooseth me, ſhall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint:
The *Hyrcanian* deserts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair *Portia:*
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia.*
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs

To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a jem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculpt upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take † it, prince; and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcrowl? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcroll'd:
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewel, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit*.

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go:—
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VIII. Venice. *A Street.*

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2 *Guilded timber doe*

Enter SOLANIO, *and* SALERINO.

SAL. Why, man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, *Lorenzo* is not.
SOL. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
SAL. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Antonio* certify'd the duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
SOL. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter,—O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a chriſtian,—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!—
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoln from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stoln by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!
SAL. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
SOL. Let good *Antonio* look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
SAL. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:

I thought upon *Antonio*, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.
Sol. You were beſt to tell *Antonio* what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, leſt it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Antonio* part:
Baſſanio told him,—he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd,—*Do not ſo,*
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew'*s bond, which he hath of me,*
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.
Sol. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia'*s Houſe.*

Enter Nerissa, *and a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight;
The prince of *Arragon* hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flouriſh. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
Portia, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there † ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Arr. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Arr. And ſo have I addreſt me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooseth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chooseth me, ſhall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire,—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interiour, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooseth me, ſhall get as much as he deserves

And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchaſ'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, ſhall get as much as he deserves:
I will aſſume desert;—Give me a key for this;—
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. "Too long a pause for that which you find there."
Arr. What's here? the portrait of a blinking ideot,
Presenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, ſhall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Arr. What is here?
The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never choose amis:
Some there be, that ſhadows kis;
Such have but a ſhadow's blis:

There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So farewel, ſir, you are ſped.
Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.
[*Exeunt* Arragon, *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſindg'd the moath.—
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging, and wiving, goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; What would my lord?

Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrier comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,

Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, *Neriſſa*; for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

NER. *Baſſanio*, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO, *and* SALERINO.

SOL. Now, what news on the *Ryalto?*

SAL. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that *Antonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

SOL. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain highway of talk,—that the good *Antonio*, the honeſt *Antonio*,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SAL. Come, the full ſtop.

SOL. Ha, what ſayeſt thou? Why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

SAL. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

SOL. Let me ſay, amen, betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, *Shylock?* what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sol. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and my blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear whether *Antonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that was us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a *Jew:* Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands; organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diseases, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Gentlemen, my maſter *Antonio* is at his houſe, and desires to ſpeak with you both.

SAL. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOL. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew.*

[*Exeunt* SOL. SAL. *and* Ser.

SHY. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoa?* haſt thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there, there; a diamond gone, coſt me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort:*—The curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hearſ'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, ſo: and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch. Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatiſfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o'my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o'my breathing; no tears, but o'my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Antonio*, as I heard in *Genoa*,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*;—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in *Genoa?*

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoa*, as I heard, one night fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:—I ſhall never ſee my gold again; Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Antonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, *Tubal:* it was my turquoise; I had it of *Leah*, when I was a bat-

[18] ha, heere in

chelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

TUB. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, *Tubal*, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our ſynagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt*, *ſeverally*.

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia'*s Houſe.*

Enter BASSANIO, *and* PORTIA; GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Train. Caſkets ſet out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrow your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other yours,—
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours: O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;

29 other halfe yours

And ſo, though yours, not yours,—Prove it not ſo!
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.
Bas. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs
What treason there is mingl'd with your love.
Bas. None, but that ugly treason of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Bas. Promise me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.
Bas. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.
Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let musick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And watry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute pay'd by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue o'the exploit. Go, *Hercules*;
Live thou, I live: with much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Muſick; the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG:

1. V. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*
or in the heart, or in the head?
how beget, how nouriſhed?
reply, reply.
2. V. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
with gazing fed; and fancy dies
in the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.
all. *Ding dong, bell.*

BAS. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow

Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And these aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redouted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſ'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are those criſped ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the ſepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threaten'ſt than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealouſy.

[15] makes [28] thy palines

O love, be moderate, allay thy extaſy,
In measure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

Bas. Ha! what find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd: Yet, look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praise doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the † ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You, that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl;—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebl'd twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich; that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething; which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractic'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours,
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this†ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
BAS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.
NER. My lord, and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!
GRA. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.
BAS. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
GRA. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, 'till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—

I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.
Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*
Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.
Bas. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [riage.
Bas. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your mar-
Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake down? [down.—
Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake
But who comes here? *Lorenzo*, and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salerio?*
Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERINO.
Bas. *Lorenzo*, and *Salerio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord;
And I have reaſon for it. Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you. [*delivering a Letter.*
Bas. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SAL. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.
GRA. *Neriſſa*, cheer yon' ſtranger, bid her welcome.—
Your hand, *Salerio*; What's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Antonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
SAL. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
POR. There are ſome ſhrowd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteals the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, *Baſſanio*; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
BAS. O ſweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here † is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, *Salerio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SAL. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that, if he had
The present money to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tubal*, and to *Chus*, his countrymen,
That he would rather have *Antonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

POR. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

BAS. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt-condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,

Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew?*
Bas. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Should lose a hair through *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;
For never ſhall you lye by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is pay'd, bring your true friend along:
My maid *Neriſſa*, and myſelf, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſ. [reads.] *Sweet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are clear'd between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, use your pleaſure; if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street.*
Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, *and Jailor.*

SHY. Jailor, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Jailor, look to him.
ANT. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*
SHY. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice:—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
ANT. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.
SHY. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
SOL. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.
ANT. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.
SOL. I am ſure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law,
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice:* if it be deny'd,
'Twill much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailor, on:—Pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*
Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and a* Servant.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an egal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*,

Being the boſom lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and myſelf.
So fare you well, 'till we ſhall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
Jes. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica*.—
[*Exeunt* Lorenzo, *and* Jessica.
Now, *Balthazar*, [*to the Servant*.
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,

So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame † letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Padua*; ſee thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, doctor *Bellario*;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:*—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Ser. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
POR. Come on, *Neriſſa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our husbands
Before they think of us.
NER. Shall they ſee us?
POR. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick, and dy'd;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinu'd ſchool
Above a twelve-month:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,

3 to Mantua 27 withall

Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Garden.*

Enter JESSICA, *and the* Clown.

Clo. Yes, truly: for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be lay'd upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be o'good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it, that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clo. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Clo. Truly, then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scylla*, your father, I fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I ſhall be ſav'd by my husband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Clo. Truly, the more to blame he: we were chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay; here he comes.

LOR. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wiſe into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Clo. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be more than reason: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrats.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Clo. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomacks.

LOR. Goodly lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Clo. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, ſir?

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clo. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Clown.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jes. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomack.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jes. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter, in State, the Duke, *Magnificoes, Officers of the Court*, &c. *and ſeat themſelves; then, Enter* ANTONIO, *guarded*, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERINO, Solanio, *and Others.*

Duk. What, is *Antonio* here?
Ant. Ready, ſo please your grace.
Duk. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duk. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the court.
Sal. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duk. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,

That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh)
Thou wilt not only looſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddl'd on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks*, and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.
SHY. I have posseſſ'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy ſabaoth have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubl'd with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'the nose,

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woolen bagpipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelf, being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?
Bas. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers.
Bas. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bas. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee [twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion with the *Jew:*
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His *Jewiſh* heart: Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,

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[2] Maiſters of

But, with all brief and plain conveniency;
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.
Bas. For thy three thouſand ducats here is † ſix.
Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duk. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaſ'd ſlave,
Which; like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules;
You use in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Because you bought them; Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,
Why ſweat they under burthens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeason'd with ſuch viands? you will anſwer;
The ſlaves are ours: So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law;
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer, Shall I have it?
Duk. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court;
Unleſs *Bellario,* a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Sal. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from *Padua.*
Duk. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.
Bas. Good cheer, *Antonio!* What, man? courage yet!
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all;

19 as mine

Ere thou ſhalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops ſooneſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.
Enter Nerissa, *habited like a Clerk.*
Duk. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*
Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your grace.
[*presenting a Letter.*
Bas. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

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18 inexecrable

Duk. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duk. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.
[*giving it to a* Clerk.

Cle. [*reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of* Rome, *his name is* Balthasar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the* Jew *and* Antonio *the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Duk. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *for* Balthasar.

Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

POR. I did, my lord.

Duk. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.

Which is the merchant here, and which the *Jew?*
Duk. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. *Shylock* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſt;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice: Therefore, *Jew*,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,

To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head: I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment; yea, a *Daniel!*—
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here † it is.
Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:— Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is pay'd according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge,
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been moſt ſound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your bosom for his knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom:
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſſ'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*; fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkl'd brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a misery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of *Antonio*'s end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Bas. *Antonio*, I am marry'd to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. " These be the chriſtian husbands: I have a daughter;"
" Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*"
" Had been her husband, rather than a chriſtian!"
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little; there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſſly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands, and goods,
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, *Jew*;—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, *Jew*; a learned judge.
Shy. I take his offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.
Bas. Here is the money.
Por. Soft;
The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft, no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!

26 this offer

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dy'ſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel*, ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel!*—
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *Jew*.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That, by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſ'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy- [ſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duk. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Antonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate, not for *Antonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Antonio?*

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content,—ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,

He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſſ'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duk. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra In chriſt'ning ſhalt thou have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* Shylock.

Duk. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.

Duk. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* Duke, *and Court*.

Bas. Moſt worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well pay'd, that is well ſatiſfy'd,
And I, delivering you, am ſatiſfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well pay'd;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Bas. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.—
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;—
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.
Bas. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bas. There's more depends on this, than on the value,
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Bas. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I would neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* Por. *and* Ner.
Ant. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Bas. Go, *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the † ring; and bring him, if thou canſt,
Unto *Antonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte.— [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Antonio*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The ſame. Street before the Court.*

Enter Portia, *and* Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this † [deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well o'er-ta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this † ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
" I'll ſee if I can get my husband's ring,"
" Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever."

Por. " Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old
"ſwearing,"
" That they did give the rings away to men;"
" But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too."
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia'*s Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo, *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.
Jes. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild-ſea banks, and waft her love
To come again to *Carthage.*
Jes. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old *Æſon.*
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew*;

And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.
Jes. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica*, like a little ſhrow,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Ser. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Ser. *Stephano* is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Ser. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd.
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Sola, ſola, wo ha ho, ſola, ſola!
Lor. Who calls?
Clo. Sola! Did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo*, and miſtreſs *Lorenza*? ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man; here.
Clo. Sola! where, where?
Lor. Here.
Clo. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit* Clo.
Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; Why ſhould we go in?—
My good friend *Stephano*, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.— [*Exit* Ste.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica:* Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—
Enter Muſick, and Domeſticks of Portia.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick. [*Muſick plays.*
Jes. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandl'd colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

6 morning ſweet love. *Loren.* Let's in,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*;
Let no ſuch man be truſted. Mark the muſick.

Enter PORTIA, *and* NERISSA.

POR. That light we ſee is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
NER. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
POR. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark.
NER. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.
POR. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
NER. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
POR. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,

When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection.—
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endymion*,
And would not be awak'd. [*obſerving* Lor *and* Jeſ.
Lor. That is the voice, [*riſing. Muſick ceaſes.*
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.
Por. Go in, *Neriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, *Lorenzo*,—*Jeſſica*, nor you. [*Trumpet.*
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.
Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO,
and their Followers.
Bas. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,

And never be *Baſſanio* ſo for me;
But, God ſort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bas. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy. [wrong;
Gra. [*to* Ner.] By yonder moon, I ſwear you do me
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk· but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,

No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that beg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.
Bas. " Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,"
" And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it."
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the judge that beg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he beg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take ought
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bas. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but, you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed,
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, [*to* Gratiano.
'Till I again ſee mine.

---

7 ſo riveted

BAS. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleasure.
POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
BAS. No, by my honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And beg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have beg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus;*
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA. Well do you ſo; let me not take him then,
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANT. I am the unhappy ſubject of these quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithſtanding.

BAS. *Portia,* forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,—

POR. Mark you but that:
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit.

BAS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miſcarry'd; I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him‡this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord *Baſſanio*; ſwear to keep this ring.
Bas. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this‡, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly.—You are all amaz'd:—
Here is a‡letter, [*to* Baſ.] read it at your leisure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario:*
There you ſhall find, that *Portia* was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: *Lorenzo* here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—*Antonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this‡letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bas. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Bas. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There † do I give to you, and *Jeſſica,*
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſſ'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatiſfy'd
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo; The firſt inter'gatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,—
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring. [*Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke, living in Exile:
his Brother, Uſurper of his Dominions.
Jaques, *a Humoriſt;*
Amiens, *and*
another Lord, } *Followers of the baniſh'd Duke:*
Foreſters, two,
Pages, two, } *Followers of the ſame.*
Lords of the Uſurper's Court, two:
le Beu, *attending the ſame:*
Charles, *his Wreſtler:*
Clown, waiting on the Princeſſes.
Oliver, Jaques,
and Orlando, } *Brothers; Sons of a Sir* Rowland de Boys:
Adam, *and* Dennis, *Servants to* Oliver.
Corin, *and* Silvius, *Shepherds.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a Vicar.*
William, *a country fellow.*
a Perſon preſenting Hymen.

Rosalind, *Daughter to the baniſh'd Duke.*
Celia, *Daughter to the Uſurper.*
Phebe, *a Shepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country Wench.*

Attendants upon the Dukes, and Hymen.

Scene, Oliver'*s Houſe; the Uſurper's Court; and different Parts of the Foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of* Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO, *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, *Adam,* it was upon this my father bequeathed me by will but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charg'd my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept; For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me his countenance

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[1] this faſhion bequeathed

ſeems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Ada. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, ſir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, ſir?

Orl. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, ſir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orl. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your com-

26 then him I

ing before me is nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy,—

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Ada. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orl. I will not, 'till I please: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubl'd with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Ada. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter,

[1] his reverence.

he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word!

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO, *and* ADAM.

OLI. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither.—Hola, *Dennis!*

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worſhip?

OLI. Was not *Charles*, the duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worſhip.

OLI. Good monſieur *Charles!*—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if *Roſalind*, the duke's daughter, be baniſhed with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have dyed to ſtay behind her: She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

28 that hee would

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England:* they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means labour'd to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, *Charles*,—it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou did'ſt break his neck as his finger: And thou wert beſt look to't: for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poison, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; And ſo, God keep your worſhip!

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*.—[*Exit* Cha.] Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſprised: but it ſhall not be ſo, long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, ſweet my coz', be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou had'ſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz', and deviſe ſports; let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Ros. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good huswife, fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: But if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old *Frederick*, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation, one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenc'd, the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhew.—Here comes monſieur *le Beu.*

Enter le Beu.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable.—*Bon jour*, monſieur *le Beu:* What's the news?

le B. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

le B. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was lay'd on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

le B. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

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*7 decrees.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

le B. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do, and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and bury'd.

le B. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

le B. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence:—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

le B. The eldeſt of the three wreſtl'd with *Charles*, the duke's wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lye; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

le B. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken musick in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking?—Shall we ſee this wreſtling, cousin?

le B. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke *junior, attended;* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Others.*

D. j. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

le B. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſſfully.

D. j. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

D. j. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monſieur *le Beu.*

D. j. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

le B. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with our eyes, or knew

16 the man; 22 Princeſſe calls. 32 your eyes,—your judgement,

yourſelf with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: Pray heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

D j. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

[*They wreſtle.*

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunder-bolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.* Charles *is thrown.*

D. j. No more, ~~no more~~.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

D. j. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

le B. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

D. j. Bear him away. [Cha. *is born off.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. *Orlando*, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir *Rowland de Boys.*

D. j. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* Duke *junior*, *Train*, *and* le Beu.

Cel. Were I my father, coz', would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to *Frederick.*

Ros. My father lov'd ſir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,

I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman, [*presenting a Chain from her Neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz'?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeleſs block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?
Sir, you have wreſtl'd well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz'?
Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind, *and* Celia.
Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.
Re-enter le Beu.
O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.
le B. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd

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[8] all promiſe

High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done:
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orl. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here were at the wreſtling?

le B. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleasure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit* le Beu.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly *Rosalind!* [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Celia, *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, *Rosalind*;—*Cupid* have mer-

5 then I to 8 here was at 10 the taller is

cy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins lay'd up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, ſome of it is for my child's father: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a fall. But, turning these jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chace, I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

Enter Duke, *attended.*

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

D. j. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

D. j. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dy'ſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

D. j. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelyhood depends.

D. j. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

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[1] I not?

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

D. j. Ay, *Celia*; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans,
Still we went coupl'd and inſeperable.

D. j. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

D. j. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *and Attendants.*

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind!* whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my uncle
In the foreſt of *Arden*.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtelaſs upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lye there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,

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[6] teacheth thee that

That do out-face it with their ſemblances.
CEL. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?
ROS. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own page,
And therefore look you call me, *Ganimed.*
But what will you be call'd?
CEL. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena.*
ROS. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content;
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, Lords,
and Foreſters.

D. ſ. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy phang
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

29 we not the

Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

D. ſ. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappl'd fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſart city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. *L.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day my lord of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Courſ'd one another down his innocent noſe

In piteous chace: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on the extreameſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
D. ſ. But what ſaid *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?
1. *L.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.
D. ſ. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Ami. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.
D. ſ. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1. *L.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

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8 into the 12 friend;

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter Duke *junior*, Lords, *and other Attendants.*

D. j. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1. *L.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.
2. *L.* My lord, the royniſh clown, at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.
D. j. Send to his brother's, fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail,
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* Oliver's *Houſe.*
Enter ORLANDO, *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?
Ada. What, my young maſter?—O my gentle maſter,
O my ſweet maſter, o you memory

14 *Hiſperia*

Of old ſir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctify'd and holy traitors to you:
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what's the matter?
Ada. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon; I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practiſes.
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why, whither, *Adam*, would'ſt thou have me go?
Ada. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.
Orl. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſt'rous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?

This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.
Ada. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lye lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is † the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.
Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of these times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the having: it is not ſo with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettl'd low content.

Ada. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Rosalind *in Boy's Cloaths,* Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* Clown.

Ros. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits!

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Ros. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden.*

Clo. Ay, now am I in *Arden:* the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

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6 ſeventy 17 how merry are

Enter CORIN, *and* SILVIUS,
talking.

Ros. Ay, Be ſo, good *Touchſtone:*—Look you, Who comes here? [*to* Celia.
A young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.
Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!
Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?
Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe!*
[*Exit* SILVIUS.
Ros. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming o' nights to *Jane Smile:* and I remember the

28 of their wound

kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, *Wear these for my ſake:* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Ros. *Jove, Jove!* this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Hola; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſſ'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Ros. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
who loves to lye with me,

and tune his merry note
unto the ſweet bird's throat,
come hither, come hither, come hither;
Cho.
here ſhall we ſee
no enemy,
but winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monſieur *Jaques.*

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more: I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weaſel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanzo; Call you 'em ſtanzo's?

AMI. What you will, monſieur *Jaques.*

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

AMI. More at your requeſt, than to please myſelf.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the ſong. — Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree: — he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many

1 turne. 13 ragged

matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Ami. *Who doth ambition ſhun,*
and loves to live i'the ſun,
ſeeking the food he eats,
and pleas'd with what he gets,
come hither, come hither, come hither;
Cho.
here ſhall he ſee &c.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
that any man turn aſs,
leaving his wealth and eaſe,
a ſtubborn will to please,
ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
here ſhall he ſee
groſs fools as he,
an if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter ORLANDO, *and* ADAM.

Ada. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lye I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orl. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou dyeſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou lyeſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good *Adam!* [*Exit, bearing him off.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame.*

Tables ſet out. Enter Duke *ſenior,* Amiens, Lords, *and Others.*

D. ſ. I think, he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1. *L.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

D. ſ. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. *L.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

D. ſ. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company,
And cannot have it? What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i'the foreſt,
A motley fool,—a miſerable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who lay'd him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath ſent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be a eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
D. ſ. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſquet
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangl'd forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

D. S. Thou ſhalt have one.
JAQ. It is my only ſuit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob: if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquand'ring glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
D. S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.
JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
D. S. Moſt miſcheivous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
And all the emboſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,

31 the wearie verie

When that I ſay, The city woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then? Let me ſee wherein
My ſpeech hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his Sword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.
ORL. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
JAQ. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?
D. ſ. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiser of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
ORL. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
JAQ An you will not be anſwer'd with reason, I
muſt die.
D. ſ. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall
force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

9 how then, what

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
D. ſ. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pity'd;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.
D. ſ. True is it, that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be miniſt'red.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—
Oppreſt with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
D. ſ. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte 'till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſt for your good comfort! [*Exit* Orlando.

D. ſ. Thou ſee'ſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women meerly players:
They ~~have~~ their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy; with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs's eyebrow: Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the canon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,

Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

D. ſ. Welcome: Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you moſt for him.

ADA. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

D. ſ. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

SONG.

I. St.

AMI. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
thou art not ſo unkind
as man's ingratitude;
thy tooth is not ſo keen,
because thou art not ſeen,
although thy breath be rude.

Cho.

Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving meer folly:
then, heigh, ho, the holly!
this life is moſt jolly.

II. St.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
that doſt not bite ſo nigh
as benefits forgot:
though thou the waters warp,
thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
as friend rememb'red not.

Cho.

Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the &c.

D. ſ. If that you were the good ſir *Rowland*'s ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke *junior*, Oliver, *Lords, and Others.*

D. j. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him, dead, or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

D. j. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe, and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Foreſt.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a Paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
[*fixing it to a Tree.*
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, ſurvey
With thy chaſt eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Rosalind*, these trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſſ'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſt, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN, *and* Clown.

COR. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one ſick-[illegible], the worſe at ease he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep: and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a par'lous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Mr. *Touchſtone:* those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtier's hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard:

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: A more ſounder inſtance; come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worm's meat in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Rosalind, *with a Paper, reading.*

Ros. *From the eaſt to weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt limn'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind
Sweeteſt nut hath ſoureſt rind;
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt rose will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely, or no, let

---

3 *faireſt Linde,* 6 *the faire of*

the foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, *with a Paper.*

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this* a *desart be?*
For it is unpeopl'd? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently diſtill'd
Helen'*s cheek, but not her heart;*
Cleopatra'*s majeſty;*
Atalanta'*s better part;*
Sad Lucretia'*s modeſty.*
Thus Rosalind *of many parts*
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd,

25 not his heart

Heaven would that ſhe these gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Ros. O moſt gentle *Jupiter*, what a tedious homily of love have you weary'd your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcripage. [*Exeunt* Corin, *and* Clown.

Cel. Did'ſt thou hear these verſes?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But did'ſt thou hear, without wond'ring how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look † here what I found on a palm tree: I was never ſo be-rim'd ſince *Pythagoras'* time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. Ay, and a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet· but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping!

Ros. Od's my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, that I have a doublet and hose in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a ſouth-ſea-off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*; that tript up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz', 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando?*

5 pre'thee 10 Good my 13 South-ſea of

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Gargantua's* mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtl'd?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a drop'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, hola, to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think,

19 droppes forth ſuch 27 to the tongue

I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter ORLANDO, *and* JAQUES.

CEL. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him. [*retiring.*

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

ORL. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

JAQ. God be wi'you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better ſtrangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly.

JAQ. *Rosalind* is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, juſt.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

JAQ. What ſtature is ſhe of?

ORL. Juſt as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and con'd them out of rings?

ORL. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudy'd your queſtions.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think, 'twas made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me; and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world, but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

JAQ. The worſt fault you have is, to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

ORL. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

JAQ. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

JAQ. I will tarry no longer with you: farewel, good ſignior love.

ORL. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monſieur melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.

ROS. " I will ſpeak to him [*to* CEL.] like a ſaucy"
" lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with"
" him." Do you hear, foreſter? [*advances.*

ORL. Very well; What would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, ſir; Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſe'night, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a prieſt that lacks *Latin*, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps easily, because he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſtful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindl'd.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he lay'd to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Ros. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on those that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hauthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind:* if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: Then your hose ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe unty'd, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe

I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in love as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expreſs how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a madneſs; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monaſtick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhew it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you muſt call me *Rosalind:*—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter Clown, *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *at a Diſtance, observing them.*

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*; I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey:* And how, *Audrey?* am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! (Lord warrant us!) what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt *Ovid*, was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. "O knowledge ill-inhabited! worſe than *Jove* "in a thatch'd houſe."

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reck'ning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupl'd to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. "A material fool!"

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut; though, I thank the gods, I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulneſs; ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with ſir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. "I would fain ſee this meeting".

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo: Poor men alone? No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a marry'd man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes ſir *Oliver:*—Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sr. O. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sr. O. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good Mr. *What d'ye call't:* How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you: Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be marry'd, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bough, ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be marry'd under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what

27 his bow ſir

marriage is: this fellow †·will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. " I am not in the mind but I were better to"
" be marry'd of him than of another: for he is not like"
" to marry me well; and not being well marry'd, it"
" will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my"
" wife."

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*;
We muſt be marry'd, or we muſt live in bawdry.—
Farewel, good Mr. *Oliver:*
Not, o ſweet *Oliver,*
O brave *Oliver,*
Leave me not behind thee;
But wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, Clown, *and* AUDREY.

Sr. O. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Enter ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry, his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana:* a nun of winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reck'nings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: He aſk'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide,

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6 holy bread. 22 confirmer

breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides: — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROS. O, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love: —
Come, bring us to this ſight; and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Enter SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me; do not, *Phebe:*
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbl'd neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that eyes, and lives by, bloody drops?

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND, *at a Diſtance*, Corin *leading them.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

28 that dies and

Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, o, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes,
That can do hurt to any.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*advancing.*] Who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: — Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too: —
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip. —
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her. —
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear, —
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: — If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words. — Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

28 with your foulneſſe

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Ros. Cel. *and* Cor.
Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might;—
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*,—
Phe. Ha! What ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*
Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
PHE. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere-[while?
SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.
PHE. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy; Yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth; Not very pretty:
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mixt in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingl'd damaſk.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not; nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance;

[17] not very tall

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, *Silvius?*
Sil. *Phebe,* with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter JAQUES, CELIA, *and* ROSALIND.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Thoſe that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fántaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

[6] him, and paſſing

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit* JAQUES.

Ros. Farewel, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.— Why, how now, *Orlando!* where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

ORL. My fair *Roſalind,* I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Ros. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Ros. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

ORL. Of a ſnail?

Ros. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind.*

Cel. It pleases him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very *Rosalind.*

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravel'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be deny'd?

Ros. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Ros. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Rosalind?*

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man dy'd in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cause. *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the *Helleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But these are all lies; men have dy'd from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, 'faith, will I; fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſayeſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us:—Give me your hand, *Orlando:*—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin, *Will you,* Orlando,—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, *Orlando,* have to wife this *Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee,* Rosalind, *for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, *Rosalind,* for wife.

Ros. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but, I do take thee, *Orlando,* for my husband: There's a girl goes before the prieſt; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſſ'd her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, *Orlando;* men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangl'd than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleep.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* do ſo?

Ros. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wise.

Ros. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one caſt away; and ſo,—come, death: Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet *Rosalind.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promise, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind:* So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu.

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Ros. O coz', coz', coz', my pretty little coz', that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando:* I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter JAQUES, *and Others*, Foreſters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1. *F*. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a *Roman* conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2. *F*. Yes, ſir.

JAQ. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

SONG.

1.V. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2.V. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*
1.V. *Then ſing him home:*—
both.
Take thou no ſcorn
to wear the horn, the luſty horn;
it was a creſt ere thou waſt born:—
1.V. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2.V. *And thy father bore it:*—
cho.
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

ROS. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and how much *Orlando* comes?

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubl'd brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here?

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: [*gives a Letter.*

26 and heere much

I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Ros. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſt'rous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to *Chriſtian:* woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe*'s me: Mark how the tyrant writes.
Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead lay'd apart,*
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?—
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—
Meaning me a beaſt.—
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.— Wilt thou love ſuch a woman? What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endur'd. Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; —That, if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?
Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother: Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his *Roſalind,*
He ſends this bloody napkin; Are you he?
Ros. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the foreſt,

Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſſ'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The op'ning of his mouth; but ſuddenly,
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*; Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,

4 an old Oake 24 amongſt

Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable ſlumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſts, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd:
As how I came into that desert place;
+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +
+ +
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind.*
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this † napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his *Rosalind.*
Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed?* ſweet *Ganimed?*
Oli. Many will ſwoon, when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it; — Couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither: —
I pray you, will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: You a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Ros. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards: — Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind.*

Ros. I ſhall devise ſomething: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter Clown, *and* Audrey.

Clo. We ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey.*

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[8] Ah, ſirra, a

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked ſir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a moſt vile *Mar-text*. But, *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Wil. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Wil. And good ev'n to you, ſir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, ſir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name, *William?*

Wil. *William*, ſir.

Clo. A fair name: Waſt born i' th' foreſt here?

Wil. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Clo. *Thank God*; A good anſwer: Art rich?

Wil. 'Faith, ſir, ſo ſo.

Clo. *So ſo*; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wise?

Wil. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himſelf to be a fool. The heathen philoſopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Wil. I do, ſir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Wil. No, ſir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have; For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, ſir?

Clo. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman,—which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dyeſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Wil. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit* William.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

²7 ſeekes

Enter ORLANDO, *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind.*

ROS. God ſave you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair ſiſter. [*Exit* OLIVER.

ROS. O, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæsar*'s thraſonical brag of—*I came, ſaw,* and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be marry'd to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, o, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind?*

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three year old, converſ'd with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable: If you do love *Roſalind*, ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marry her: I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician: Therefore put you in your beſt array, bid your friends; for if you will be marry'd to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for *Phebe:*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed:*

Orl. And I for *Roſalind:*

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for *Phebe;*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed;*

Orl. And I for *Rosalind:*

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty, and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;—

And ſo am I for *Phebe:*

PHE. And ſo am I for *Ganimed:*

ORL. And ſo am I for *Roſalind:*

ROS. And ſo am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*to* Ros.

SIL. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*to* Phe.

ORL. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you ſpeak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon.—I will help you, [*to* Sil.] if I can:—I would love you, [*to* Phe.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*to* Phe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be marry'd to-morrow:—I will ſatiſfy you, [*to* Orl.] if ever I ſatiſfy'd man, and you ſhall be marry'd to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to* Sil.] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be marry'd to-morrow.—As you [*to* Orl.] love *Roſalind*, meet;—As you [*to* Sil.] love *Phebe*, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter Clown, *and* AUDREY.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*; to-morrow will we be marry'd.

10 Why do you ſpeake too, 16 altogether

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *P*. Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2. *P*. We are for you; ſit i'the middle.

1. *P*. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. *P*. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipſies on a horſe.

SONG.

I. St.

It was a lover, and his laſs,
with a hey, and a ho,
and a hey nonino,
that o'er the green corn-field did paſs
in the ſpring time,
the pretty ſpring time,
when birds do ſing
hey ding a ding, ding;
ſweet lovers love the ſpring.

II. St.

Between the acres of the rye,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.
these pretty country-folks would lye
in the ſpring time, &c.

III. St.

The carol they began that hour,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.

---

21 the onely pretty rang time, 31 v. *Note.*

how that a life was but a flower
in the ſpring time, &c.
IV. St.
And therefore take the present time,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.
For love is crowned with the prime
in the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1. *P.* You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be wi'you; and God mend your voices.—Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Enter Duke *ſenior, and his Followers,* ORLANDO, JAQUES, Oliver, *and* Celia.

D. ſ. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando,* that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd:—
You ſay, if I bring in your *Rosalind,*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

D. ſ. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her?

---

23 feare they hope, and know they feare.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.
Ros. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, o duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind, *and* Celia.
D. ſ. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter Clown, *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

13 Keepe you your

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

D. ſ. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, ſir; I deſire you of the like. I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oiſter.

D. ſ. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel upon the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;—Bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey:*—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd, The retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: this is call'd, The quip modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabl'd my judgment: this is call'd, The reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: this is call'd, The reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I ly'd: this is call'd, The counter-check quarrelſome: and ſo to The lie circumſtantial, and The lie direct.

JAQ. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the lie circumſtantial, nor he durſt not give me the lie direct; and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If, as, *if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*, and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

D. ſ. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and un-

7 I lie:

der the presentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Re-enter ROSALIND, *and* Celia, *in their*
proper Dreſs; Ros. *led by a Perſon presenting* HYMEN.
Still Musick.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
when earthly things made even
atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
yea, brought her hither;
that thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myſelf, [*to* D. ſ.] for I am yours.—
To you I give myſelf, [*to* Orl.] for I am yours.

D. ſ. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Rosalind.*

PHE. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of these moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you [*to* Orl. *and* Ros.] no croſs ſhall part;
You and you [*to* Oli. *and* Cel.] are heart in heart:—
You [*to* Phe.] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you [*to* Clo. *and* Aud.] are ſure together,

11 joyne his hand

As the winter and foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno'*s crown*;
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'tis Hymen *peoples every town*;
high wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
to Hymen, *god of every town!*

D. ſ. O my dear niece, [*to* Cel.] welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.
PHE. I will not eat my word, [*to* Sil.] now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir *Rowland*,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke *Frederick*, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſſ'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,

31 to him againe

I do engage my life.
D. ſ. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-faln dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd.—
You [*to* D. ſ.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to* Orl.] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* Oli.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* Sil.] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [*to* Clo.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
D. ſ. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.
Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

D. ſ. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.
[*A Dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no buſh, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, o women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes them; and I charge you, o men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hates them) to like as much as pleaſes them; that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make cur'ſy, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt.*

---

17 pleaſe you:

D. S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them) to like as much as pleases them: that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt.*

The
TAMING
of the
SHREW.

R 4

Perſons repreſented.

Sly, *a drunken Tinker:*
a Lord; his Page;
two Huntsmen; four Servants; } *Perſons in the Induction.*
a Player; Hoſteſs; Tapſter;

Baptiſta, *a* Paduan *Gentleman.*
Vincentio, *a rich Merchant of* Piſa.
Gremio, *an old Gentleman, Suitor to* Bianca:
Hortenſio, *his Rival, marry'd afterwards to the Widow.*
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio:
Tranio, *and* Biondello, *his Servants.*
Petruchio, *a country Gentleman, Suitor to* Catherine:
Grumio, *and* Curtis, *his Servants:*
five other Servants. a Pedant; Taylor;
Haberdaſher; Servant to Baptiſta.

Catherine, *and* } *Daughters to* Baptiſta.
Bianca,
Widow, Miſtreſs to Hortenſio.

Other Attendants, Gueſts, Players, &c.

Scene, ſometimes in Padua; *ſometimes at*
Petruchio's *Country-Houſe.*

The
TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *A Hedge-Alehouſe.*

SLY *upon a Bench before it*; Hoſteſs *ſtanding by him.*

SLY. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſ. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue.

SLY. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues: Look in the chronicles; we came in with *Richard* conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa!*

Hoſ. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

SLY. No, not a deniere: Go by, *Jeronimy*;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſ. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*falls from off his Bench, and ſleeps.*

Horns.

Enter a Lord, *from hunting*; Huntsmen, *and* Servants, *with him.*

9 the Head-borough

Lor. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Leech *Merriman*,—the poor cur is imboſt,—
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.
1. *H.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cry'd upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.
Lor. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
1. *H.* I will, my lord.
Lor. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breath?
2. *H.* He breaths, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
Lor. O monſtrous beaſt; how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:
What think you,—if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?
1. *H.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.
2. *H.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.
Lor. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—

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[2] Brach *Meriman*

Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays—he's poor, ſay—that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1. *H.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lor Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Exeunt Some with* SLY. *Trumpet heard.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,

Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—
Re-enter Servant.
How now? who is't?
Ser. An't pleaſe your honour, players,
That come to offer ſervice to your lordſhip.
Lor. Bid them come near.—
Enter certain Players.
Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Pla. We thank your honour.
Lor. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?
2. *P.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.
Lor. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
1. *P.* I think, 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.
Lor. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.
1. *P.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.
Lor. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;

Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant, *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
[*to another Servant.*
And ſee him dreſſ'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,
He bear himſelf with honourable action;
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeven years hath eſteemed him
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.— [*Exit* Serv.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;

And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peasant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreams. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A ſtately Room in the Lord's Houſe: In it a Stage, and other Appurtenances, for the Play: and, in another Part, a Bed; SLY, *in a rich Night-dreſs, ſitting on it; ſurrounded by Servants, bearing Apparel, Baſon, Ewer,* &c. *a Side-board being by. Enter, at lower End, the* Lord, *himſelf habited like a Servant.*

SLY. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1. *S.* Will't please your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2. *S.* Will't please your honour taſte of these conſerves?

3. *S.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me, what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lor. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infused with ſo foul a ſpirit!

SLY. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Sly*, old *Sly*'s ſon of *Burton* heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk *Marrian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: Here's—

3. *S*. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2. *S*. O, this is it that makes your ſervants droop.
Lor. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! *Apollo* plays,
[*Muſick heard within.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trim'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1. *S*. Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2. *S*. Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lor. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3. *S.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lor. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1. *S.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly.*—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.
2. *S.* Will't please your mightineſs to waſh your hands? [*presenting the Ewer*, &c.
O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1. *S.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay,—ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay,—you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts.
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket:*
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.
3. *S.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,—
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernel*;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.
Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
all. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
Enter Page *as a Lady*, *attended.*
Pag. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well;
For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?
Pag. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men ſhould call me—lord, I am your good-man.
Pag. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?
Lor. Madam.
Sly. *Al'ce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lor. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they ſay,—that I have dream'd
And ſlept about ſome fifteen year or more.
Pag. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone:—
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.
Pag. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
On peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter another Servant.

4. *S.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will let them play't.—Is not a commonty
A chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?
Pag. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

3 above ſome 12 In perill 29 play, it is

SLY. What houſhold ſtuff?
Pag. It is a kind of hiſtory.
SLY. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my [ſide,
And let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.
[*ſeating her for the Play.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A publick Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO, *and* TRANIO.

Luc. *Tranio,* ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua,* nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd in fruitful *Lombardy,*
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy;*
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breath, and happ'ly inſtitute
A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the *Bentivolii.*
Lucentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence,*
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio,* for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have *Piſa* left,

14 arriv'd for fruit— 25 *Vincentio's* 24 *Vicentio's* ſonne

And am to *Padua* come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick, and poeſy, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomack ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while; What company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter, at a Diſtance, Baptista;
Catherine, *and* Bianca, *his Daughters*; Gremio,
and Hortensio, *Suitors to* Bianca.

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,

4 *Me pardonato* 13 Balke

Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Catherina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me;—
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Cat. I pray you, ſir, [*to* Bap.] is it your will and pleasure,
To make a ſtale of me amongſt these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mold.
Cat. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To comb your noddle with a three-leg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. "Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;"
"That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward."
Luc. "But in the other's ſilence do I ſee"
"Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety."
"Peace, *Tranio*."
Tra. "Why, well ſaid, maſter; mum, and gaze your fill."
Bap. Well, gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—*Bianca*, get you in:
And let it not diſplease thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Cat. A pretty peat! 'tis beſt,
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.
Bia. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—

Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf. [ak."
Luc. " Hark, *Tranio!* thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpe-
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, *Bianca*.— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth:—If you, *Hortenſio*,—
Or, ſignior *Gremio*, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewel.—*Catherina*, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.
[*Exit* Baptista.
Cat. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!
[*Exit* Catherine.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here's none will hold you.—Their love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if

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‖ Gentlemen content ye

I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, ſignior *Gremio:* But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parly, Know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a husband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a husband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be marry'd to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio!* though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high croſs every morning

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet *Bianca!*—Happy man be his dole!—He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring.—How ſay you, ſignior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua*, to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* GRE. *and* HOR.

TRA. I pray, ſir, tell me,— [*advancing.*] Is it poſſible,
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

LUC. O, *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

TRA. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUC. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had;
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrond.

TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raise up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:—
I pray, awake, ſir; [*ſhaking him.*] If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir;—and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is; May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead,

Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or mean man of *Piſa* —
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—*Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat, and cloak:
[*exchanging Cloaths with him.*
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. Sith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,—
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe)
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio*, be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Enter BIONDELLO.
Here comes the rogue:—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bio. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoln your cloaths?
Or you ſtoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

---

3 meaner man 9 neede: In breefe Sir, ſith

While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?
Bio. Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*
Bio. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!
Tra. So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt daughter.
But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I advise you,
Use your manners diſcreetly in all kind of company:
When I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*;
But in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio.*
Luc. *Tranio*, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

1. *S.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by ſaint *Anne*, do I. A good matter, ſurely;
Comes there any more of it?
Pag. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady;
'Would, it were done!

SCENE II. *The ſame. Before* Hortenſio*'s Houſe.*

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,

7 ſo could 12 companies

Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah *Grumio*; knock, I ſay.
GRU. Knock, ſir!
Whom ſhould I knock, ſir? Is there any man
That has rebus'd your worſhip?
PET. Villain, I ſay,
Knock me here ſoundly.
GRU. Knock you here, ſir? Why, ſir,
What am I, ſir, that I ſhould knock you here, ſir?
PET. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
GRU. My maſter is grown quarrelſome:—I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
PET. Will it not be?—
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *ſol*, *fa*, and ſing it.
[*rings him by the Ears.*
GRU. Help, maſters, help! my maſter is mad.
PET. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend *Grumio!* and my good friend *Petruchio!*—How do you all at *Verona?*

PET. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I ſay.
HOR. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto*,
Molto honorato ſignior mio Petruchio.—
Riſe, *Grumio*, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 'tis no matter, ſir, what he 'leges in *Latin.*—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap

19 miſtris 26 *tutti le core bene trovatto*

him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to use his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for ought I ſee) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at firſt;
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. *Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, This is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleasant ſervant *Grumio*.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?* [world,
Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceaſ'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Happ'ly to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.
Hor. *Petruchio*, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promise thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,

3 a peepe 21 v. *Note.*

And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)—
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius*' love,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curſt and ſhrowd
As *Socrates*' *Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes (at leaſt)
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*;
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diseases as two and fifty horſes: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. *Petruchio*, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (as that is fault enough)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerable curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. *Hortenſio*, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.
Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, *Catherina Minola*;
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,—
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O'my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, ſir,—An ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face; and ſo diſſigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: You know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee;
For in *Baptiſta*'s keep my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehearſ'd)
That ever *Catherina* will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en;—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catherine* the curſt have got a husband.

Gru. *Catherine* the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoolmaſter
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca:*
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by myſelf.

Enter, on the opposite Side, GREMIO; LUCENTIO *with him, with Books under his Arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery. See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—Maſter, maſter, look about you:—Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*; 'tis the rival of my love:— *Petruchio*, ſtand me by a little while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous!
[*they retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have peruſ'd the note.
[*giving it back.*
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:—
All books of love, ſee that at any hand;
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me: Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs. Here,† take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron,—ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,—
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:

26 paper 29 go to: what

Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you,—unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.
Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!
Pet. Peace, ſirrah.
Hor. *Grumio*, mum.—God ſave you, ſignior *Gremio!*
[*advancing*.
Gre. You are well met, ſignior *Hortenſio*. Trow you
Whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*.
I promis'd him, to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for the fair *Bianca:*
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this † young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. "—and that his bags ſhall prove."
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here † is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Catherine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;

[8] *Gre.* And you [17] helpe one to

If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? Pray, what countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s ſon:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
Gre. Sir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomack, to't o'God's name,
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. " Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her."
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. " For he fears none."
Gre. *Hortenſio*, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. " I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner."

3 *Butonios* 6 *Gre.* Oh ſir, 22 to beare 28 and yours

Enter Tranio, *brave*; *and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way,
To the houſe of ſignior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, ſir.
Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—*Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. "Well begun, *Tranio.*"
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, ſir, I pray you, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,—
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior *Gremio.*
Hor. That ſhe is the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

---

5 *Bio.* He 6 he *Biondello.*

Gre. What, what! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. *Hortenſio,* to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aſk you this;—
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s daughter?
Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you harken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until her elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt as we do,—gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

8 is the other 20 this ſeeke 29 contrive

Gru. O excellent motion!—Fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I'll be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Room in* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Catherina, *and* Bianca, *her Hands bound.*

Bia. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Cat. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bia. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Cat. Minion thou ly'ſt; Is't not *Hortenſio?*
Bia. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Cat. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.
Bia. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee ſiſter, *Kate*, unty my hands. [ſo.
Cat. If that be jeſt, [*ſtriking her.*] then all the reſt was

3 I ſhall 13 goods

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?—
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go, ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Cat. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight?—[*ſtopping her.*] *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.
Cat. Will you not ſuffer me? Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* CATHERINE.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *and* Lucentio;
PETRUCHIO, *with* Hortenſio *as a Muſician*;
and TRANIO, *with* Biondello *attending*, *bearing a Lute and Books*.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta*.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*:—God ſave you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd—*Catherina*, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd—*Catherina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, ſignior *Gremio*; give me leave.—

13 *Kat.* What will

I am a gentleman of *Verona*, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*preſenting* Hortenſio.
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.
Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter *Catherine*,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.
Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?
Pet. *Petruchio* is my name; *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.
Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let
Us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward, ſir.
Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior *Gremio*; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.—
Neighbour, [*to* Baptiſta.

32 wooing ne'ghbours:

This is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it:
And,—to expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf,
That have been more beholding to you than any,—
I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,
[*presenting* Lucentio.
That hath been long ſtudying at *Rheims*; as cunning
In *Latin*, *Greek*, and other languages,
As the other in muſick, and the mathematicks:
His name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.
Bap. A thouſand thanks, good ſignior *Gremio*:—
Welcome, good *Cambio*.—But, gentle ſir, [*to* Tra.
Methinks, you walk here like a ſtranger; May I
Be bold to know the cauſe too of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow † a ſimple inſtrument,
And this † ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books:
[*giving the Lute, and Books,*
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of *Piſa*, ſir; ſon to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*, by report;
I know him well: you're very welcome, ſir.—

---

3 More kindely beholding 7 Greeke, Latine 13 be ſo bold

Take you ‡ the lute,—and you ‡ the ſet of books,—
You ſhall go ſee your pupils presently.—
Hola, within there!—
Enter a Servant.
—Sirrah, ſhew these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.—
[*Exit Servant, with* Luc. *and* Hor. Bio. *follows.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and, in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreaſ'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her for
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,

31 her of

Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his Head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?
Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute.
Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you these, quoth ſhe? *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtrook me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fidler,
And,—twangling *Jack*; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudy'd to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, [*to* Hor.] and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practiſe with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?
Pet. I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* Bap. Gre. Tra. *and* Hor.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banes, and when be marry'd:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.
Enter Catherine.
Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.
Cat. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing;
They call me—*Catherine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt;
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all cates: And therefore, *Kate*,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs)

28 all *Kates*

Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. [hither,
Cat. Mov'd! in good time. Let him that mov'd you
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cat. A joint-ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Cat. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Cat. No ſuch jade, ſir, as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate!* I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Cat. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.
Cat. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Cat. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.
Cat. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Cat. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a waſp does wear his ſting?
In his tail.
Cat. In his tail! in his tongue.
Pet. In his tongue? whoſe tongue?
Cat. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel. [again,
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
Good *Kate*; I am a gentleman.
Cat. That I'll try. [*ſtriking him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Cat. So may you loſe your arms: if you ſtrike me,

You are no gentleman; and if no gentleman,
Why, then no arms.
  PET. A herald, *Kate?* o, put
Me in thy books.
  CAT. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
  PET. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
  CAT. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
  PET. Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
  CAT. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.
  PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour.
  CAT. There is, there is.
  PET. Then ſhew it me.
  CAT. Had I a glaſs, I would.
  PET. What, you mean my face.
  CAT. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
  PET. Now, by ſaint *George*, I am too young for you.
  CAT. Yet you are wither'd.
  PET. 'Tis with cares.
  CAT. I care not.
  PET. Nay, hear you, *Kate*: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
  CAT. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
  PET. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me,—you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?

O ſland'rous world! *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtrait, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cat. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*;
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.
Cat. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is extempore from my mother-wit.
Cat. A witty mother! witneſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cat. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catherine*, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms;—Your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light,—whereby I ſee thy beauty;
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou muſt be marry'd to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable, as other houſhold *Kates*.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catherine* to my wife.
Bap. Now, ſignior *Petruchio*; how ſpeed
You with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, ſir? how but well?

12 witleſſe

It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs. [dumps?
Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catherine?* in your
Cat. Call you me—daughter? now I promiſe you,
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out·
Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Grizelde*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.
Cat. I'll ſee thee hang'd o'ſunday firſt.
Gre. Hark, *Petruchio!*
She ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd o'ſunday firſt.
Tra Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part.
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, *Kate*; I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.
Gre. *Tra.* Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, ſunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be marry'd o'ſunday.
[*Exeunt* Cat. *and* Pet.
Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this ſtrife:

19 quiet me the

'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.—And, firſt, to you;
Say, ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
GRE. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turky* cuſhions boſt with pearl,
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work,
Pewter, and braſs,—and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six-ſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtrook in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.
TRA. That, only, came well in.—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old ſignior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior *Gremio?*
GRE. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!—
My land amounts but to ſo much in all,

10 counterpoints 13 Vallens 14 belongs 32 not to

That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,
That now is lying in *Marſeilles'* road:—
What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vy'd.
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On ſunday next, you know,
My daughter *Catherine* is to be marry'd:
Now, on the ſunday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, Lucentio, if you
Make this aſſurance; if not, to ſignior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waining age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter LUCENTIO, *amd* BIANCA, *converſing*;
to them, HORTENSIO.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catherine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. She is a ſhrew; but, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſt'rous aſs! that never read ſo far,
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, when I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.
Bia. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down;—

3 Muſt get   5 while I

Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*to* Bia. *taking up his Lute.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bia. Where left we laſt? [*ſitting to a Table with* Luc.

Luc. Here, madam:— [*ſhewing a Book.*
Hic ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bia. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am *Lucentio*,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguised thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man *Tranio*,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.

Bia. Let's hear:— [Hor. *plays.*
O, fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man,
And tune again.

Bia. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it.
Hic ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.—
" How fiery and how forward is our pedant!"
" Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:"
" *Pedaſcule*, I'll watch you better yet."

3o our Pedant is

Bia. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.
[*ſeeing* Hor. *liſten.*
Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.
Bia. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, *Licio*, to you:— [*riſing.*
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*to* Luc.] and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.
Luc. " Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
[*retiring.*
" And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,"
" Our fine muſician groweth amorous."
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. [*gives a Paper.*
Bia. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortenſio.*
Bia. Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,* [reads.
A re, *to plead* Hortenſio'*s paſſion*;
B me, Bianca, *take him for thy lord*,
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff*, not *two notes have I*;
E la mi, *ſhow* me *pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

[3] *Bian.* Miſ— [5] *Hort.* I [8] maſter

Old faſhions please me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bia. Farewel, ſweet maſters both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exeunt* Ser. *and* Bia.

Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cause to ſtay.
[*Exit* Lucentio.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt; If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Court before the Houſe.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catherine,
Bianca, *and Attendants*; Lucentio, *and*
Hortenſio *among them.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio,* [*to* Tra.] this is the 'pointed day
That *Catherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,—
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Cat. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd

---

[2] for old

To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I,—he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catherine*;
And ſay,—*Lo! there is mad* Petruchio'*s wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catherine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cat. 'Would, *Catherine* had never ſeen him though!
[*Exit, weeping: is follow'd by* Bianca, Gremio, Hortenſio, *and Others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient temper.

Enter BIONDELLO, *haſtily.*

Bio. Maſter, maſter! [*to* Tra.] news, old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not news, to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what be thine old news?

Bio. Why, *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckl'd, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points: His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubl'd with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, ray'd with the yellows, paſt cure of the vives, ſtark ſpoil'd with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten; near-leg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's-leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure; which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. O, ſir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

3 what to thine 13 Fives 15 Waid

Bap. I am glad, he's come though, howſoe'er he comes.
Bio. Why, ſir, he comes not.
Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?
Bio. Who? that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.
Bio. No, ſir; I ſay, that his horſe comes, with him
On his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bio. Nay, by ſaint *Jamy*; I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, *and his Man* Grumio,
oddly habited both.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants here? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome, ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparel'd
As I could wiſh you were.
Pet. Tut! were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks, you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word:
Though, in ſome part, enforced to digreſs;
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatiſfy'd withal.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?
[*Exeunt* Pet. Gru. *and* Bio.
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this.
[*Exeunt* Bap. *and Attendants.* Tranio *follows; but is beckon'd back by* Lucentio, *who converſes a while apart.*
Tra. But to her love, ſir, concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,

29 ſir, Love 31 before I

It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to turn,—
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*;
And make aſſurance, here in *Padua*,
Of greater ſums than I have promised.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, *Gremio*;
The narrow-prying father, *Minola*;
The quaint muſician, amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.—

Re-enter Gremio, *laughing.*

Now, ſignior *Gremio!* came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir *Lucentio*; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if *Catherine* ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembl'd, and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—
A health, quoth he; as he had been aboard,
Carowsing to his mates after a ſtorm:
Quafft off the muſcadel, and threw the ſops
All in the ſexton's face; having no other reaſon,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſſ'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did eccho.
I, ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before!
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

Enter Petruchio, *and* Catherine, *as marry'd;* Baptista, Grumio, Hortenſio, Bianca, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—

10 as if he 19 and I

Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you, ſir.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cat. Let me entreat you then.
Pet. I am content.
Cat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Cat. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſes.
Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready;
The oats have eaten up the horſes.
Cat. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone 'till pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
Cat. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry, ſir, now it begins to work.

18 horſe 23 not till 26 till I pleaſe

CAT. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

PET. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carowze full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn, my ſtable,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua.*—*Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exit, hurrying* CATHERINE *out*; GRUMIO, *with his Sword drawn, bringing up the Rear.*

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!—
Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

BIA. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

GRE. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,

27 *Luc.* Miſtreſſe,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:—
Lucentio, you ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſter's room.
TRA. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
BAP. She ſhall, *Lucentio.*—Come, gentlemen; let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

SLY. Sim, *When will the fool come again?*
1. S. *Anon, my lord.*
SLY. *Give's ſome more drink here!—where's the tapſter?*
—*Here,* Sim,
Eat ſome of theſe things. [giving him ſome Conſerves.
1. S. *So I do, my lord.*
SLY. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.* [drinks.

SCENE II. *A Hall in* Petruchio's *Country-Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO, *halting.*

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tir'd jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo 'wray'd? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Hola, ho! *Curtis!*

Enter CURTIS.

CUR. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

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[2] you ſhall ſupply

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. O, ay, *Curtis*, ay: and therefore, fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs,— and thyſelf, fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs? whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready; And therefore, good *Grumio*, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack*, boy! ho, boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of coney-catching:—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets lay'd, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and

8 and myſelfe 27 the white

miſtreſs fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There. [*cuffing him.*

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd—a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſt'ning. Now I begin:—*Inprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Cur. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: But, hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhouldſt have heard, how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhouldſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me because her horſe ſtumbl'd; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd,—that never pray'd before: how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reck'ning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugar-ſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſlickly

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9 This 'tis 14 of one

comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knot: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! [*calling.*] you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

1. *S.* Welcome home, *Grumio.*

2. *S.* How now, *Grumio?*

3. *S.* What, *Grumio!*

4. *S.* Fellow *Grumio!*

1. *S.* How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

1. *S.* All things are ready: How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's paſſion, ſilence; I hear my maſter.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and* CATHERINE.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at the door,
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe!
Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*—

Ser. Here, here, ſir;
Here, ſir. [*crouding round him.*

2 knit 11 calls

PET. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?
GRU. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.
PET. You peaſant ſwain! you whorſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?
GRU. *Nathaniel*'s coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PET. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants. *Cloth lay'd.*
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they:— [*ſings.*
Where are thoſe villains?—Sit down, *Kate*, and welcome.— [*ſits to Table.*
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud!— [*wiping himſelf.*
Re-enter Servants, *with Supper.*
Why when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?—
It was the friar of orders gray, [*ſings.*
as he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue! [*to the* Servant.] you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, [*ſtriking him.*] and mend the plucking of the other.—
Be merry, *Kate*:—Some water here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus*?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:— [*Exit* Ser.

One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?—
[*Water presented.*
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:—
[Servant *lets the Ewer fall.*
You whorſon villain! will you let it fall? [*ſtrikes him.*
CAT. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
PET. A whorſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
[*ſeats her by him.*
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*; or elſe ſhall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1. *S.* Ay.
PET. Who brought it?
1. *S.* I.
PET. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the reſt o' the meat:—
What dogs are these?—Where is the raſcal cook?—
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;
[*throwing all at them.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
CAT. I pray you, husband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
PET. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expreſſly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow't ſhall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exit, leading out* CAT. CUR. *follows.*
1. *S.* [*advancing.*] *Peter*, didſt ever ſee the like?
5. *S* He kills her
In her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?
CUR. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity, to ſhew. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA, *courting*; *and, on the oppoſite Side*, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To ſatiſfy you, ſir, in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*they retire.*

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bia. What, maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.

Bia. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*court apart.*

Hor. Marry, quick proceeders!—Tell me now, I pray, [*advancing.*
You that durſt ſwear your miſtreſs fair *Bianca*
Lov'd none i'the world ſo well as her *Lucentio?*

Tra. Deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

15 that miſtris *Bianca* 18 Sir, to ſatisfie you
27 v. *Note.* 30 Lov'd me in 31 *Tra.* Oh deſ—

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—*Hortenſio.*

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!—Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Never to marry her, though ſhe would entreat:
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior *Lucentio.*—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, [*paſſing to the other Side.*] bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!

---

16 flatter'd them withall 18 marry with her

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with *Hortenſio*. [me?
BIA. *Tranio*, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn
TRA. Miſtreſs, we have.
LUC. Then we are rid of *Licio*.
TRA. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
BIA. God give him joy!
TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.
BIA. He ſays ſo, *Tranio*.
TRA. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming ſchool.
BIA. The taming ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?
TRA. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running*.

BIO. O, maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpy'd
An ancient engle coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.
TRA. What is he, *Biondello*?
BIO. Maſter, a *mercatante*, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.
LUC. What of him, *Tranio*?
TRA. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*;
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIA.

Enter a Pedant.

19 Angel 22 Marcantant 25 *Luc*. And what 30 Take me your

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!
TRA. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt, for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
TRA. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
TRA. Of *Mantua*, ſir?—marry now, God forbid!—
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life?
Ped. My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
TRA. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtay'd at *Venice*; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
TRA. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy herein,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*
Ped. Ay, ſir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.
TRA. Among them, know you one *Vincentio?*
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
TRA. He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
BIO. "As much as an apple doth an oiſter, and all one."

TRA. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir *Vincentio.*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay,
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be court'ſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you.
Go with me, ſir, to cloath you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Petruchio'*s Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO, CATHERINE *following.*

GRU. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.

CAT. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—

Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all these wrongs,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe present death.—
I pr'ythee, go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cat. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Cat. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

Cat. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cat. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cat. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard now without the beef.

Cat. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave, [*beating him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a Diſh of Meat;*
HORTENSIO *with him.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* What, ſweeting, all amort?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cat. I'faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
[*ſetting his Diſh upon a Table.*
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I am ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof:—
Here, take away this diſh.
Cat. I pray you, let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repay'd with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cat. I thank you, ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie! you are to blame:—
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
[*ſits to Table along with her.*
Pet. "Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou lov'ſt me."—
Now much good do't unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
[Cat. *and* Hor. *riſe.*
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure —
Enter Tailor *with a Gown.*
Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;
Enter Haberdaſher.
Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir? Ha?

28 ruffling

Hab. Here is the cap † your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why, this was molded on a porrenger;
A velvet diſh;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cat. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. "That will not be in haſte,"
Cat. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Cat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us ſee't.
[*Tailor lays forth the Gown.*
O, mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here!
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. "I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown."
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Cat. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monſtrous arrogance!—Thou ly'ſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!—
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt mar'd her gown.
Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.
Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men; brave

not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou ly'ſt.

Tai. Why, here is † the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he ſay—I ſaid ſo.

Tai. Inprimis, *a looſe-body'd gown:* [*reading.*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid—looſe-body'd gown, ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a ſmall compaſt cape;*

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk ſleeve;*

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tai. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, ſir; error i' th' bill:—I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio!* then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th' right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. "*Hortenſio*, ſay, thou'lt ſee the tailor pay'd:"—
Go, take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. "Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow."
"Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:"
"Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter."
[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk afoot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cat. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time, ere you come there.

23 accountedſt

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; or, ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Padua. *Before* Baptiſta'*s Houſe.*

Enter Tranio; *and the* Pedant, *booted, and dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, This is the houſe; Please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, ſir; What elſe? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in *Genoa:*—
Tra. Where you were lodgers at the *Pegaſus.*
'Tis well; and hold your own, in any caſe,
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, that he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.—
Sirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bio. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bio. I told him, that your father was at *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that † to drink.
Here comes *Baptiſta:*—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter Baptista, *and* Lucentio.

4 day, and ere   12 Sirs,   16 Where we were

Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*to the Pedant.*
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.
BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done with me,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
TRA. I thank you, ſir: Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,

As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hark'ning ſtill;
And, hapily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:
There doth my father lye; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Come, ſir; one meſs is like to be your cheer;
We'll better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt* Tra. Ped. *and* Bap.

Bio. *Cambio*,— [*calling* Lucentio *back.*

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello*?

Bio. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bio. 'Faith, nothing; But h'as left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bio. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

18 *Bion.* I pray 21 v. *Note.*

Luc. And what of him?

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the [ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bio. The old prieſt at ſaint *Luke*'s church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bio. I cannot tell; except, while they are buſy'd about a counterfeit aſſurance, take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum:* to the church take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:—
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day. [*going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bio. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench marry'd in an afternoon, as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint *Luke*'s, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, Then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A publick Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHERINE, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

CAT. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
PET. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
CAT. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
PET. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe: —
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again. —
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
HOR. "Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go."
CAT. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
PET. I ſay, it is the moon.
CAT. I know, it is the moon.
PET. Nay, then, you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
CAT. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun: —
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be, ſir, for *Catherine*.
HOR. "*Petruchio*, go thy ways, the field is won."
PET. Well, forward, forward: — thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias. —
But ſoft; ſome company is coming here. —
Enter VINCENTIO, *journeying.*
Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Whither away? —
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,

21 be ſo for 28 where away

As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. "'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him."

Cat. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate!* I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkl'd, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cat. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzl'd with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travel'ſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs here,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—*Vincentio*, dwelling—*Piſa*:
And bound I am to *Padua*; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;

10 Alots 25 my dwelling

The ſiſter to my wife, this † gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio:*
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Cat. Pet. *and* Vin.

Hor. Well, ſir *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:—
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* be untoward. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Padua. *Before* Tranio'*s Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca, *haſtily*;
Gremio *is ſeen ent'ring, behind.*

Bio. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc I fly, *Biondello:* but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us. [*Exit, with* Bianca.

Bio. Nay, 'faith, I'll ſee the church o'your back; and then come back to my maſter's as ſoon as I can. [*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catherine, Vincentio,
and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this † is *Lucentio*'s houſe,

19 *Hortenſio* to be 28 miſtris

My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward.
[*Noise within.* Vin. *knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder. [*knocks again.*

Enter Pedant, *above, at a Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior *Lucentio* within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was well belov'd in *Padua.*—Do you hear, ſir,—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior *Lucentio*, that his father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou ly'ſt; his father is come from—"*Mantua*," and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* Vin.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bio. I have ſeen them in the church together; God

23 from *Padua,*

ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? [*drawing backward.*] mine old maſter *Vincentio?* now we're undone and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*ſeeing* Biondello.

BIO. I hope, I may choose, ſir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

BIO. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father *Vincentio?*

BIO. What, my worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee, where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is't ſo, indeed? [*beats* Biondello.

BIO. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murther me. [*Exit, crying out.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior *Baptiſta!*

[*Exit, from above.*

PET. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*draws her aſide.*

Re-enter Pedant, *below*; TRANIO,
BAPTISTA, *and Servants.*

TRA. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

VIN. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! [*ſurveying him.*] O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I'm undone, I'm undone! while I play the good husband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

TRA. How now! what's the matter now?

BAP. What, is the man lunatick?

TRA. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—O villain!—he's a ſail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is, *Lucentio*; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio!*—o, he hath murther'd his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name:—O my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer:—[*Enter One with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father *Baptiſta*, I charge you, ſee that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior *Gremio*; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be coney-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

VIN. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO,
and BIANCA.

BIO. O, we are ſpoil'd, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, ſweet father. [*kneels to* Vin.

VIN. Lives my ſweet ſon?

[BIO. TRA. *and* Ped. *run off.*

BIA. Pardon, dear father. [*kneels to* Bap.

BAP. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is *Lucentio?*

LUC. Here's *Lucentio,*
Right ſon unto the right *Vincentio*;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE. Here's packing, with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

VIN. Where is that damned villain, *Tranio,*
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

BIA. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio?*

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio,*
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What *Tranio* did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

VIN. I'll ſlit the villain's nose, that would have ſent me to the jail.

BAP. But do you hear, ſir? [*to* Luc.] have you marry'd my daughter without aſking my good will?

VIN. Fear not, *Baptiſta*; we will content you, go to:
—But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany.
[*Exit* VIN.

BAP. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery.
[*Exit* BAP.

LUC. Look not pale, *Bianca*; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIA.

GRE. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt.
[*Exit* GRE.

CAT. Husband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

PET. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

CAT. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

PET. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

CAT. No, ſir; (God forbid!) but aſham'd to kiſs.

PET. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

CAT. Nay, I'll give thee a kiſs: [*kiſſes him.*] now pray thee, love, ſtay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Lor. *Who's within there?*— [ſeeing *Sly* aſleep.
Enter *Servants.*

'Aſleep again!—go, take him easily up,
And put him in his own apparel again;
But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

1. S. *It ſhall be done, my lord:—Come, help to bear him hence.* [Exeunt *Ser.* with *Sly.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Houſe.*

Muſick. A Banquet ſet out. Enter BAPTISTA,

VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *Pedant*, &c. PETRUCHIO,
and CATHERINE; LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA;
HORTENSIO, *and* Widow: TRANIO, Grumio,
BIONDELLO, *and Others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils overblown.—
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother *Petruchio*,—ſiſter *Catherina*,—
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to close our ſtomacks up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.
[*Company ſit to Table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, ſon *Petruchio.*

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;
I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Cat. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him:—

Pet. Conceive by me!—
How likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My widow ſays,
Thus ſhe conceives her tale.

6 is come, 29 Conceives

Pet. Very well mended.—
Kiſs him for that, good widow.
Cat. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubl'd with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Cat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cat. And I am mean indeed,
Reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate!*
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That is my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—
Ha' to thee, lad. [*drinks to him.*
Bap. And how likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, ſir, they but heads well together.
Bia. How! head, and but? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and but were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bia. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.
Bia. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:— [*rising.*
You're welcome all. [*Exit;* Cat. *and* Wid. *follow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, ſignior *Tranio,* [*filling.*
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;

19 together well 26 better

Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd. [*drinks.*
TRA. O, ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
PET. A good ſwift ſimile,—but ſomething curriſh.
TRA. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
BAP. Oh ho, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.
HOR. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you here?
PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two out-right.
BAP. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon *Petruchio*,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
PET. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Pleaſe you, let's each one ſend unto his wife;
And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
HOR. Content; The wager?
LUC. Twenty crowns.
PET. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
LUC. A hundred then.
HOR. Content.
PET. A match; 'tis done.
HOR. Who ſhall begin?
LUC. That will I.—Here, where are you?
Go, *Biondello*, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
BIO. I go. [*Exit.*
BAP. Son, I will be your half, *Bianca* comes.

12 too out-. 20 Content, what's the

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bio. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is busy, and ſhe cannot come.

Pet. How! ſhe is busy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope, a better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Bio.

Pet. Oh ho, entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe muſt needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bio. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand,
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe;
She will not come! o vile, intolerable,
Not to be endur'd!—Here, ſirrah *Grumio*,
Go to your miſtreſs; ſay, I command her come to me.
[*Exit* Gru.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. That ſhe will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter CATHERINE.

Bap. Now, by my holidam, here comes *Catherina!*

Cat. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſio*'s wife?
Cat. They ſit conferring by the parlor fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swindge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* Catherine.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue of obedience.—
Re-enter Catherine, *with* Bianca,
and the Widow.
See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Catherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Cat. *pulls off her Cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe a ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!
Bia. Fie! what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me a hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

10 An awfull 19 vertue and obe— 32 Hath coſt me five

Bia. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. *Catherine*, I charge thee, tell theſe head-ſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin—
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.
Cat. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow; [*to the Widow.*
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubl'd,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
Whilſt thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,

5 your 7 begin with her.

And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee, our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomacks, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.
PET. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, *Kate*. [*pulls her to him, and kiſſes her.*
LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.
VIN. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
LUC. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.
PET. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed:— [*rising.*
We three are marry'd, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I one the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exit, leading out* CATHERINE.

---

17 ſtrength as weake

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrow.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III. The Alehouſe.

Sly upon his Bench, as before; *Tapſter* at the Door.

Sly. [waking.] Sim, *give's ſome more wine.*—*What! all the players gone?*—*Am not I a lord?*

Tap. *A lord, with a murrain!*—*Come, art thou drunk ſtill?* [rouzing him.

Sly. *Who's this? tapſter?*—*o, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry; but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to tame a ſhrew; I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.* [Exeunt.

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